

# THE ECLECTIC REVIEW,

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- Art. I. 1. *A Treatise on Diet, with a View to establish, on practical Grounds, a System of Rules, for the Prevention and Cure of the Diseases incident to a disordered State of the Digestive Functions.* By J. A. Paris, M.D. F.R.S. Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, &c. &c. 8vo. London. 1826.
2. *A Treatise on Indigestion and its Consequences, called Nervous and Bilious Complaints; with Observations on the Organic Diseases in which they sometimes terminate.* By A. P. W. Philip, M.D. F.R.S. &c. &c. 8vo. London.
3. *An Essay on Morbid Sensibility of the Stomach and Bowels as the proximate Cause and characteristic Condition of Indigestion, Nervous Irritability, Mental Despondency, Hypochondriasis, &c. &c.; to which are prefixed, Observations on the Diseases and Regimen of Invalids on their Return from hot and unhealthy Climates.* By James Johnson, M.D. of the Royal College of Physicians, &c. 8vo. London.
4. *Lectures on Digestion and Diet.* By Charles Turner Thackrah, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons of London; of the Société de Médecine pratique de Paris, &c. 8vo. London.
5. *A View of the Structure, Functions, and Disorders of the Stomach and Alimentary Organs of the Human Body, with Physiological Observations and Remarks upon the Qualities and Effects of Food and fermented Liquors.* By Thomas Hare, F.L.S. &c. Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons in London. 8vo. London. 1825.
6. *A Familiar Treatise on Disorders of the Stomach and Bowels, Bilious and Nervous Affections: with an Attempt to correct many prevailing Errors in Diet, Exercise, &c. Being an Exposition of the most approved Means for the Improvement and Preservation of Health.* By George Shipman, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons in London. 8vo. London. 1825.
7. *A Letter on the Medical Employment of White Mustard Seed.* By a Member of the London College of Surgeons. 8vo. London. 1826.

IT is somewhat humiliating to the dignity, and mortifying to the pretensions of the medical art, to find often, that its

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highest stretch of acquirement in reference to practical value, does not extend beyond the dicta of unassisted reason, or indeed the nice instinct of common sense.

A formidable array of title-pages we have here presented to our readers. The authors of the several volumes are all men of considerable respectability, some of them of no small professional renown, and the subjects of which they treat are of high and general interest. What then, it may be asked, is the sum and substance of the information they convey? Do they not commence and terminate by manifesting what was sufficiently manifest before, viz., that sins against the stomach are sins against the whole frame; and, that if you go to undue lengths, either in the quantity or quality of your food, you will be visited with more or less of immediate suffering, and encounter considerable risk of radical and lasting mischief.

In spite, however, of the common-place with which treatises on diet and digestion must necessarily in part be made up, they will, if properly executed, be found replete with interesting matter. It may also be urged in justification of this class of works, that dietetic, like religious precepts, how obvious and important soever, require to be repeatedly enforced and practically applied. A particular mode too of putting even the most common truths, may occasionally be productive of beneficial sequence. There are no persons, for instance, unconscious of the impropriety of lengthening out their daily meal to the extent of producing even the slightest uncomfortable sensation in their stomach. But we verily believe, (shall we condescend to say, that we speak now from our own feelings and experience?) that this impropriety will be more forcibly than ever impressed on the mind, after perusing the striking observations in which Dr. James Johnson expatiates on this one particular.

At any rate, the physiology of that organization through the medium of which matter exterior to our bodies becomes converted into an actual integral portion of their substance, cannot fail of affording to the contemplative and inquisitive, materials of interesting research. It is principally under this feeling that we engage in the disquisition connected with the general subject of the volumes before us; and we are not without hopes of being able to furnish a paper which shall be both instructive in its philosophical bearing, and useful in its practical application.

It may not be uninteresting, in the first place, to exhibit briefly the general anatomy of the digestive apparatus, and to explain the *rationale* of the digestive process; extending in both cases the signification of the term digestion, to the whole

of the changes which the *ingesta* undergoes. It will then be our business slightly to advert to the connexion which obtains between the digestive and other functions of the animal economy;—to treat of the questions respecting the kind and quantity of food and drink which are best adapted to the demands of man;—to inquire into the principles and sources by and through which the digestive process becomes interrupted;—to dwell a little upon the remote and indirect, as well as immediate consequences of such derangement; and finally, to speak on the best methods of prevention and cure, as comprehended under the heads of Diet, Regimen, and Domestic Medicinals.

‘When food is taken into the mouth,’ says Mr. Hare, ‘it has simply to undergo mechanical division from the teeth, assisted by the tongue and furrowed surface of the palate, and (to) receive an admixture of saliva, which is a chemical medium of fitting it for assimilation with those fluids which are supplied to the stomach from other sources. The motions of the jaws and tongue tend to promote the secretion of saliva by the stimulus which their muscular apparatus communicates to the respective glands. The teeth furnish the first *mechanical* step towards the digestion of our food; the saliva furnishes the first *chemical* step.’ (Hare.)

‘After due mastication and the free effusion of saliva, the tongue places on its back the pulpy mass, and contracting on its base, projects the load into the pharynx—the principal cavity of the throat, or, as it may be considered in the present discussion, an expansion of the common alimentary tube. At the time that the tongue propels the mass of food, the muscles elevate and enlarge the pharynx, as the mouth of a corn-sack is held for the reception of grain.

‘There are four openings into the pharynx;—the first, that which communicates with the mouth; the second, that which communicates with the nostrils; the third, that of the glottis which opens on it from the air-tube; and the fourth, the œsophagus or gullet, *the continuation of the alimentary canal to the stomach*. It is apparent that, in deglutition, the food must be wholly excluded from the first three, and enter only the gullet. Accordingly, we find, when the tongue casts it from the mouth, the passage to the nostrils is closed by a fleshy curtain which, hanging from the palate, is carried backwards and upwards by the action of appropriate muscles and the pressure of the descending food; while the entrance to the air-tube (the windpipe) is covered by a curious little lid, which the tongue forces at the same time on the glottis. These structures are peculiarly beautiful and well deserving attention.’ (Thackrah.)

It is said, that the celebrated Dr. Hunter never lectured on the anatomy and physiology of that structure, the above brief but good description of which we have borrowed from two of the writers whose works are before us, without discovering



more than common ardour in his style of expression, arising from his admiration of that wonderful adaptation of parts and principles which is so exceedingly conspicuous in this portion of the animal structure and economy.

The gullet, passing down between the *vertebræ* of the back posteriorly and the wind-pipe anteriorly, terminates in the stomach, at its left extremity. This organ, the stomach, is a membranous pouch, which lies across the upper and left part of the abdomen, immediately under the diaphragm, and between the spleen, which is on its left side, and the liver on the right. It is not, properly speaking, at the left extremity of the stomach that the opening is made into it from the gullet; for there is a considerable curvature from the orifice, by which the food that passes into the stomach, is partly prevented from returning; while, at the opposite extremity,—that by which the organ is connected with the intestines,—we find a thickening or doubling of its coat, which so projects from the orifice towards the intestine, that a sort of valve is formed, also preventing regurgitation; and a ring of fibres is also found here, which constitutes a sort of *sphinctes* to the stomach, yielding and contracting according to the demands of the organ under different circumstances.

We shall not enter further into an anatomical description of the intestines, than by stating, that along a great portion of their internal surface, numberless small vessels arise by open mouths that are destined to convey the nutritious part of the food into the blood-vessels. These vessels, which are called *lacteals* from the milky appearance of their contents, pass, in their way on to the blood vessels, through a large number of glands, called the mesenteric glands, and which are often the seat and source of much disease, especially in the infantile period of life. Having traversed these glands, the lacteal vessels become fewer and larger, so as to form a set of trunks that ultimately unite into the Thoracic duct, which opens directly into one of the large veins of the body (the subclavian), and thus pours the chyle at once into the mass of circulating blood.

This is not the whole of the digestive or assimilating organization; but we must here suspend our description, in order to point out the alteration which the aliment undergoes while yet in the stomach, which alteration constitutes the main portion of the digestive process.

Upon the internal surface of the stomach, a fine membrane is every where expanded, which secretes the fluid called the gastric juice, respecting both the quantity and quality of which, much discrepancy of statement has obtained. This has



partly arisen from the extreme difficulty attendant upon the collecting of the liquid unconnected with other secretions that are poured out from the same membrane which supplies the liquid in question.

‘It is moreover by no means improbable,’ remarks Dr. Paris, ‘that this liquid may vary in different stomachs, or even in the same stomach under different circumstances. Majendie observes, that the contact of different sorts of food upon the mucous membrane, may possibly influence its composition. It is at least certain, that the gastric juice varies in different animals; for example, that of man is incapable of acting (readily) on bones, while that of the dog digests these substances perfectly. From the best authorities on this subject, the true gastric juice would seem to be a glairy fluid not very diffusible in water, and possessing the power of coagulating certain fluids in a very eminent degree. Dr. Fordyce states, that six or seven grains of the inner coat of the stomach infused in water, gave a liquor which coagulated more than a hundred ounces of milk. Some authors have regarded it as colourless and without taste or smell, while others have described it as being acidulous. Dr. Young, of Edinburgh, is stated to have found, that an infusion of the inner coat of the stomach, which had been previously washed with water, and afterwards with a dilute solution of carbonate of potass, still retained the power of coagulating milk very readily. We see, therefore, how unfounded that opinion is, which attributes to the potation of water, the mischief of diluting the gastric fluid, and thus of weakening the digestive process. The coagulating and efficient principle, whatever it may be, is evidently not diffusible in that liquid. After one fit of vomiting, should another take place after a short interval, the matter brought up will be little more than water with a slight saline impregnation and some mucus; it will not be found to possess any power of coagulating; which, Dr. Fordyce observes, evidently shows, that even water, flowing from the exhalents, and which we should therefore expect would throw off the whole of any substance from the surface of the stomach, is incapable of detaching the gastric juice.’

The gastric juice, Dr. Paris adds, ‘is remarkable for three qualities—a coagulating, an antiputrescent, and a solvent power.’ The well-known experiments of Spallanzani, of Reaumur, and of Stevens, are sufficiently satisfactory as to the last of these qualities; and the coagulating principle is rendered evident, as well by what has already been advanced, as by the fact, that milk coagulates instantly upon being exposed to the action of the gastric fluid, even out of the body. But the experiments of Thackrah have thrown some doubts on the accuracy of Fordyce’s inference with respect to the power of this fluid in correcting putrefaction. Upon the whole, the change operated upon aliment by the digestive juice, is more

analogous to solution, than to any other principle influencing inanimate matter; yet, it is a solution of a specific kind, accompanied with a peculiar kind of action; and all attempts at establishing an analogy between the action of chemical agents upon dead matter and the functions of the stomach, have proved completely abortive. 'Some physiologists,' said John Hunter, while addressing his pupils, 'will have it, that the stomach is a mill; others, that it is a fermenting-vat; others, again, that it is a stew-pan. But in my view of the matter, it is neither a mill, a fermenting-vat, nor a stew-pan, but a *stomach*, gentlemen, a *stomach*.\*'

When large masses of aliment are received into the stomach, and only part of it at a time can be exposed to the internal surface of the organ, so as to come under the influence of the gastric secretion, it seems difficult to conceive upon what principle, or in what manner, the several portions of the food are successively made to come into contact with it, and so to be acted upon as that the whole shall be duly changed into chyme.

Dr. Wilson Philip has made several observations on the stomachs of rabbits which had been killed at different periods after having taken food; and he remarks, that

'the first thing which strikes the eye on examining the stomach of those animals which have lately eaten, is, that the new is never mixed with the old food. The former is always found in the centre, surrounded on all sides with the old food; except that, on the upper part, between the new food and the smaller curvature of the stomach, there is sometimes little or no old food.'

And he goes on to state—

'that, in proportion as the food is digested, it is moved along the great curvature, where the change in it is rendered more perfect, to the pyloric portion. Thus, the layer of food lying next the surface of the stomach is first digested, and, in proportion as this undergoes the proper change, and is moved on by the muscular action of the stomach, that next in turn succeeds to undergo the same change.'

Mr. Thackrah, however, maintains that, the gastric secretion being called forth in proportion to the quantity of the aliment taken, the centre of the mass of food becomes at length per-

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\* John Hunter here alludes to the futile attempts of former physiologists to refer digestion to attrition, fermentation, and heat. It was one of the great peculiarities of this great man, that he investigated the principles and phenomena of life upon their own grounds, without attempting any forced analogies with other departments of nature.

vaded in a direct way, without the necessity of those curiously successive movements which the experiments of Dr. Philip led him to infer, always have place. Even Mr. Thackrah, indeed, admits, that the portion of aliment which is in immediate contact with the stomach, will be most dissolved, and that, in order to move this onwards towards the right extremity of the organ, and thus to make way for that which is less affected, the fibres of the muscular coat are thrown into successive action, and the peristaltic or vermicular motion is produced; a motion which takes place through the whole length of the alimentary canal, and by virtue of which the gradual propulsion of the aliment is produced.

The right extremity of the stomach, or that by which the organ joins the intestines, is called by anatomists the Pylorus; and says Mr. Thackrah, with a liveliness of manner bordering, perhaps, on bad taste:

‘The office of this door-keeper is not a sinecure. He must examine the qualifications of every applicant, and allow those only that are in a suitable state to pass his portal. Accordingly, the muscular ring contracting, drives back all undigested matter, and compels it to perform again the round of the stomach. It appears, however, that the pylorus, like other officers, may, by repeated solicitation, be induced to transgress his orders; for clasp-knives, halfpence, and, I believe also, pence and crowns, have been sent through the aperture. It is related that Vaillant, when pursued by corsairs, swallowed twenty valuable gold medals, which at length passed the canal; and that he even sold one of them by anticipation, before it had made its appearance. Several substances also, difficult of solution, but harmless either from their nature or their size, are permitted to pass; sometimes indeed are early thrown into the intestines, in order, as it would seem, that the stomach might employ its energies on food more soluble or nutritious.’

The aliment thus prepared by the gastric juice and saliva, (for it ought to be recollected, that a part of the process of assimilation is performed by the saliva itself,) is termed *chyme*; ‘a term,’ remarks Mr. Hare, ‘vague and indefinite, since ‘chyme (like its etymology *χυμος*) means juice of any kind, and ‘alimentary pulp is something more than juice.’ The propriety of its name is, however, of small importance; but it becomes a question of great interest, whether this ‘homogeneous paste’ be always the same, from whatever materials it may have been formed, or whether it varies with the variation of the food. M. Majendie has lately examined the subject with great precision; and it would seem to follow from his experiments, that there are as many species of chyme as there are varieties of food. It may therefore be inferred, that the salivary and



gastric secretions, with the muscular motions of the stomach, effect but a part in the great and important business of assimilation.

It will now, then, be in order to proceed, in our anatomical sketch, to the mention of those parts and organs which have been with some propriety named the assistant chylopoietics. The first of the small intestines is named the Duodenum; and it has been ascertained, that a sort of second digestion takes place in this reservoir of the chyme, partly, perhaps, effected by the secretion from the inner coat of the intestine itself, but more thoroughly or substantially from the admixture which it here receives with the fluid from the liver and the pancreas; the first being the largest and, apparently, the most important of the viscera that are subservient to the assimilating function; the second, the pancreas, being likewise necessary to the completion of the chyliferous process.

The Liver, which is found on the right side and upper part of the abdominal cavity, is composed of a congeries of blood-vessels, nerves, cellular substance, and secretory pores, and is connected with other parts, as well as retained in its situation, by several membranous expansions that are with some impropriety termed ligaments. The secretory pores, of which we have spoken, become gradually larger, until they eventually form a considerable duct, which conveys the secretion from the gland into the duodenum. But this duct, before it constitutes what is called the common duct, divides into two branches; or rather, it receives a branch from the gall-bladder; and the junction of the hepatic duct and the duct from the gall-bladder together, form the common duct for the conveyance of the bile into the intestine.

The Pancreas, which is usually called the sweet-bread in the inferior animals, lies across the upper and back part of the abdomen, between the stomach and the spine. Pores or *acini*, as they are termed by anatomists, likewise arise in this organ, which gradually become larger and larger, so as at length to form one common duct, which terminates also in the duodenum, either along with the common duct from the liver, or, in some cases, at a little distance from it. Thus is the chyme in the duodenum acted on, conjunctively, by the secretion from the coats of the intestine itself, by the gall or bile from the liver, and by the juice formed from the pancreas; which last considerably resembles, both in appearance and properties, the secretion, of which we have spoken, from the salivary glands, — a similarity to which we shall afterwards have to refer.

In this organ, then, (the duodenum,) a sort of second digestion is effected; or, to say the least, the alimentary mass is not

duly prepared into chyle until it has been subjected to the action of intestinal secretion, and been operated upon by the fluid from the liver and the pancreas.

That the due supply of bile is absolutely necessary to the formation of chyle, has been satisfactorily proved by the recent experiments of Mr. Brodie, who tied a ligature round the duct which leads, as it has been stated, from the liver into the duodenum; and in every case, he found that the consequent interruption of the flow of bile into the intestine was attended by an imperfection in the chyliferous change. That the pancreatic secretion is likewise requisite, is demonstrated by the emaciation consequent upon disease in the pancreas. We may here advert to a very curious observation made by Dr. Monro, of which we are surprised to find no mention made in any of the works before us: it is, that the bile is secreted in larger quantities after a meal than at other times; the final cause of which appears sufficiently evident. 'I attended,' says Dr. Monro, 'a case in which there was an abscess in the liver, and a preternatural communication between that organ and the lungs, through which the bile was secreted and discharged by coughing. The quantity thus discharged was very different at different times. It was always greater after meals, and especially for an hour or two after dinner.' The celebrated Bichat also proved the same fact by experiments on animals. This physiologist informs us, that the bile which is secreted during abstinence, is divided between the duodenum and the gall-bladder; and that the portion of it which passes into the latter by the channel above described, becomes of a more active quality; it receives, according to the expression of Bichat, '*un caractère d'âcreté, une teinte foncée.*' It will readily occur to the reflective reader, how influential, therefore, the number and quantity of meals must necessarily prove upon the quantity and kind of bile that is given out from its organ of secretion upon the alimentary mass; and consequently, how important regularity of diet must be towards regularity in the process of assimilation. Occasional abstinence too, by causing a greater supply of bile to the gall bladder, in which organ it seems to gain more stimulant properties, may be useful, partly, at least, on this principle, in certain disordered conditions of the digestive organs.

Let us suppose chyle to be formed, and it becomes an interesting question, how far its absolute nature or composition has been modified by the *materia alimentaria*, as well as by the more or less vigorous or perfect state in which the organization may have been that is concerned in its productions. On

this head we shall avail ourselves of an extract from the work of Dr. Paris.

‘When perfectly formed chyle, as that obtained from the thoracic duct, is chemically examined, it will present a difference in composition, according to the nature of the aliment from which it was elaborated. If the animal has eaten substances of a fatty nature, the chyle will be found milky white, a little heavier than distilled water, with a strong and peculiar odour, and a saline and sensibly alkaline taste; but if the food should not have contained fat, it will be opaline and almost transparent. Very shortly after chyle is extracted from the living animal, it becomes firm and almost solid; it then gradually separates into three distinct parts; the one solid, which remains at the bottom of the vessel, the second liquid, and a third that forms a very thin layer at the surface. The chyle at the same time assumes a rose colour. Of the three parts into which chyle thus spontaneously resolves itself, that on the surface, of an opaque white, and which imparts to the fluid the appearance of milk\*, is a fatty body. The solid part, or coagulum, seems to be an intermediate substance between albumen and fibrin, for it unites several properties which are common to the two: it wants the fibrous texture as well as the strength and elasticity of the fibrin of the blood; it is also more readily and completely dissolved by caustic potass. The liquid part of chyle resembles the serum of the blood. The proportion, however, of these several parts varies according to the nature of the food. There are species of chyle, such as that from sugar, which contain very little *albuminous fibrin*; others, such as that from flesh, contain more. The fatty part is very abundant where the food has contained grease or oil, while there is scarcely any under other circumstances.

‘These observations,’ continues our Author, ‘are of great value to the physiologist as well as to the pathologist, as they demonstrate the fallacy of that proposition which has been so frequently advanced, viz., “that there are *many* species of food, but only *one* aliment;” intimating thereby, that all substances by decomposition contribute to form one identical, invariable, essentially nutritive principle—the “*quod nutrit*” of ancient authors; whereas nothing is more clear, than that the nature and composition of the chyle vary with each individual aliment.’

This chyle thus prepared, first by the action of the salivary secretions, secondly and mainly by the gastric juice, and thirdly by the fluids that are poured into the duodenum, is gradually propelled downwards, in connexion with the matter that afterwards becomes separate and effete, till it arrives at that portion of the intestinal tube which we have described as

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\* The comparison which has been established between chyle and milk, has no real foundation; for the former contains nothing which exactly agrees with the constitution of the latter.



furnished with those curious vessels, or rather the open-mouthed commencement of them, which are called lacteals. These are endowed with a remarkable power both of selection and of transmission; of selecting the chyliferous from the feculent portion of the digested aliment, and of transmitting it through the glands of the mesentery, for still further change, on to the circulation. And now, having thus traced the assimilating material from its reception by the mouth to its reception by the blood vessels, it falls in order that we should allude to the connexion that obtains between the digestive and other functions.

For this purpose it will be necessary to complete our anatomical and physiological sketch of the stomach and its appendages, by pointing out in a very general manner, the mode in which the digestive organization is supplied with nerves and blood vessels; a particular to which we find none of our authors advert in the manner which might have been expected.

The nerves, which are more immediately derived from or connected with the brain, are principally those which supply the organs of sense. But there is one pair, the eighth, and two others, the fifth and sixth, which, besides supplying these organs, send branches down to form extensive communications with that part of the nervous organization which, under the denomination of the great sympathetic, supplies the stomach, the heart, the liver, and in fine, all the viscera of the chest and abdomen; so that an intimate association of parts and functions obtains, in such sort that integrity in the action of one organ goes far towards effecting a general harmony; while, on the other hand, a disordered state of one part must necessarily, in a greater or a minor degree, interfere with this harmony. Then again, see how the stomach is connected in its blood-vessels with other parts of the organization. Almost directly as the large descending blood-vessel from the heart emerges through the diaphragm, the large artery called the cœliac comes off, branches of which supply at once the stomach, the upper part of the intestines, and all the contiguous viscera. And there is one particular especially observable in reference to this head, viz. that the spleen, an organ which we have not hitherto named, seems to serve as a reservoir to the blood-vessels of the stomach, and to supply this last organ with a greater or smaller quantity of the vital fluid according to the necessities of the case.

The spleen is a soft spongy substance, exceedingly vascular in its structure, and of a purplish hue. Its size and shape are different in different subjects; it is most generally, however,

of an oval form, and about five or six inches in length; lying just under the left extremity of the stomach, to which and to the pancreas it is fixed by means of blood-vessels. This organ is, in fact, a collection of blood-vessels, absorbents, and nerves, intermixed with cellular texture; and as it has no excretory duct, like the liver or the pancreas, it is natural to inquire for what purpose it is intended.

From the cœliac artery of which we have just spoken, a large branch, called the splenic, runs on to this organ; but, as it proceeds to its destination, branches are sent off from it to the pancreas, and to a portion of the stomach. So that, in reference to the structure and economy of the spleen, two circumstances are especially worthy of remark; first, that its blood-vessels are among the largest of the body in proportion to the organ they supply; and secondly, that its blood-vessels have a very intimate union with those of the pancreas and stomach.

Now the time at which the stomach is most distended with food, is precisely the time in which a greater than ordinary supply of blood is demanded for the organ; and the stomach is so situated in reference to the spleen, that its distension by aliment, pressing upon the splenic artery, and thus causing an impediment to its current, directs more through those vessels which go to the pancreas and to the stomach itself. Thus, as we have seen that more bile is prepared and transmitted in proportion as more chyme is awaiting its influence, so, more blood is directed to the stomach by the very circumstance which creates the larger want. On this beautiful portion of the assimilating economy, we should have expected that writers on digestion would dilate more largely than we find the authors before us have done. There have been, indeed, some objections started respecting the absolute correctness of the principles now propounded; but, in the main, we believe the inferences that have been deduced, will be found borne out by an examination of all the particulars connected with the chyloferous process. It strikes us, indeed, that the secretion of bile itself, as regulated by the demands of the stomach, may be greatly dependent upon the arrangement of blood-vessels now alluded to; since the hepatic artery, which is a branch of the cœliac, has necessarily a considerable relation with the other ramifications from the same source. We are aware, that it is chiefly from the portal vein, and not from the hepatic artery, that the bile is thought to be derived; but the more or less vigorous action of the liver, and consequently the kind and quantity of bile that is formed, cannot fail of having considerable reference to the degree of force with which even the arterial blood is transmitted to the organ. But

we must not pursue this very curious path of research, lest it lead us too far beyond the prescribed limits of the present discussion.

If, then, the process of digestion has to do, both immediately and remotely, both mechanically and sympathetically, with other functions, how interesting is it to trace the sympathies and connexions of the stomach, by taking a general and combined view of the whole organization!

'All my philosophy,' says some author, 'with which I had been so deeply interested in the forenoon, appears nonsense and confusion to me after I have dined.' Why is it so? Partly because both nervous energy and circulating impetus are directed from the brain to the stomach and its immediate dependencies. And this, by the way, may account for that chilliness which weakly individuals are sensible of after meals; which is vulgarly deemed a sign of health, but which ought rather to be put down in proof that the digestive process is going on regularly. And, in this sense, it is a signal of health; but then it is the most feeble who are the most sensible of this vicarious action of one part of the frame for another, upon principles that are sufficiently obvious.

Then, again, with regard to the connexion of the respiratory with the digestive function; the derangement of the one occasions the derangement of the other. This connexion may be in some degree mechanical, since a distended stomach interferes with the free action of the diaphragm, and consequently with freedom in respiration. But it is partly, and perhaps principally, mediate and sympathetic, since, as Dr. Paris properly remarks, 'the lungs are supplied with a part of the nerve of the eighth pair, and some filaments of the sympathetic, which will account for the sympathies which subsist between the respiratory and the digestive organs.' To the same source we may attribute that remarkable relationship which is so frequently manifested between irregularity of the heart and deranged state of the stomach. Indeed, there is no organ or part that has not more or less of this dependence upon the state of the stomach: the kidneys and external surface of the body in a very marked manner exemplify this fact. The experiment of Lavoisier and Seguin have ascertained, that the cutaneous transpiration, or, as we call it, perspiration, is at its minimum during chymification, and at its maximum after the completion of that process. And certain kinds of eruptions on the skin are so manifestly dependent upon what has been received into the stomach, that an emetic which shall cause the ejection of its contents, shall immediately occasion the subsidence of the cutaneous disorder.

It has been above remarked, that the nervous and vascular



connexions which are thus traceable by the anatomist, furnish a good deal of information to the physiologist in reference to the dependent and relative affections now referred to; but they do not, it must be admitted, explain the whole of the phenomena; and if ever structure should furnish a satisfactory exposition of all the sympathies and peculiarities of the animate machine, our knowledge of it must be much more accurate than it is at present.

There is one particular connected with the digestive or assimilating process itself, which is still involved in considerable obscurity: we allude to the circumstance of liquids being conveyed from the stomach into the circulation, apparently by a different and less circuitous route than through that of the chyliferous vessels.

‘It was long supposed,’ says Dr. Paris, ‘that liquids, like solids, passed through the pylorus into the small intestine, and were absorbed together with the chyle, or rejected with the excrement. It is not asserted that this never occurs; but it is evident beyond contradiction, that there exists another passage by which liquids can be conveyed to the circulation; for it has been proved, that if a ligature be applied round the pyloric orifice, in such a manner as to obstruct the passage into the duodenum, the disappearance of the liquid from the cavity of the stomach is not so much as retarded. It is evident, therefore, that there must exist some other passage, although its nature and direction remain a matter of conjecture.\* I am strongly persuaded, that the *vena portæ* (the large vein carrying blood to the liver) constitutes one of the avenues through which liquids enter the circulation; and in my *Pharmacologia*, I have expressed my belief, and supported it by various arguments, that through this channel, certain medicinal substances find their way into the blood. In order to discover whether drinks are absorbed along with the chyle, M. Majendie made a dog swallow a certain quantity of diluted alcohol during the digestion of his food; in half an hour afterwards, the chyle was extracted and examined; it exhibited no traces of spirit; but the blood exhaled a strong odour of it, and by distillation yielded a sensible quantity.

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\* It has been proved by examinations after sudden death from intoxication, that part of the liquid *ingesta* has been transferred almost instantaneously even to the brain. Mr. Hare gives one or two remarkable instances of this; and in Dr. Cooke’s *Treatise on Apoplexy*, a case well authenticated is recorded, of a fluid being found in the ventricles of the brain exactly similar to gin, upon the inspection of the body of an individual whose death had been immediately occasioned by that spirit taken in a very large quantity. We assume, in these cases, the circumstance of immediate transference, since it must be effected before the vital spark is extinct.

‘ When liquids are introduced into the stomach, the changes which they undergo are determined by the nature of their composition.

‘ When a liquid holding *nutritive* matter in solution, is introduced into the stomach, it is either coagulated by the gastric juice, or its watery part is absorbed, and the solid matter deposited in the stomach; in both cases, the product is afterwards chymified in the manner already described. Milk appears to be the only liquid aliment which nature has prepared for our nourishment; but it seems that she has at the same time provided an agent for rendering it solid; hence, we may conclude that this form is an indispensable condition of bodies which are destined to undergo the process of chymification and chylification; and that unless some provision had existed for the removal of aqueous fluids from the stomach, the digestive functions could not have been properly performed. When the broth of meat is introduced into the stomach, the watery part is carried off, and the gelatine, albumen, and fat are then converted into chyme. Wine and fermented liquors undergo a similar change; the alcohol which they contain, coagulates a portion of the gastric juices, and this residue, together with the extractive matter, gum, resin, and other principles which the liquid may contain, are then digested. Under certain circumstances, these liquids may observe a different law of decomposition, which will perhaps in some measure explain the different effects which such potations will produce: for example, the spirit may undergo a partial change in the stomach, and be even digested with the solid matter, or, on some occasions, be converted into an acid by a fermentative process. This will be more likely to occur in resinous liquors, which contain ingredients favourable to the production of such a change; and hence, the less permanent and mischievous effects of wine than of spirits. The liquid termed *punch* will, *ceteris paribus*, produce a less intoxicating effect than an equivalent quantity of spirit and water; this may be accounted for by supposing that a portion of the alcohol is digested by the stomach into an acid; a process which is determined and accelerated by the presence of a fermentable acid like that of lemon, aided perhaps by the saccharine matter.

‘ Oil, although possessed of the fluid form, does not appear to observe the laws which govern the disposal of these bodies; it is not absorbed, but it is entirely transformed into chyme in the stomach. To effect this, however, it seems essential that the stomach should be in a state of high energy, or it undergoes chemical decomposition and becomes rancid; nor will the stomach, unless it be educated to it, like those of some northern nations, digest any considerable quantity of it; and since it cannot be absorbed, it must find its exit through the alimentary canal, and consequently prove laxative.’

We have presented this long extract from the classical production of Dr. Paris, partly because it clearly and ably explains the fact to which we have above adverted, in reference to the different circumstances under which liquid and solid *ingesta* eventually become integral portions of the circulating

mass; and partly, because we shall have occasion by and by to refer to the question recently so much agitated, *viz.* whether, and to what extent, liquids ought to be taken in combination with solid aliment. Dr. Paris, in the passage above cited, uses this expression; 'the stomach must be in a state of high energy.' Now it becomes important to inquire, what is precisely signified by the term, high energy. We have already shewn, by the anatomical outline that has been traced, how dependent the ventricular function must be upon the nervous power. It is indeed so dependent upon it, that every part and portion of the chylopoietic and assistant chylopoietic organization, every blood-vessel and every secreting surface, may be ready to commence, and prepared to proceed in their several departments, yet waiting the mandates of the nervous impulse. Should that impulse be either defective or irregular, every thing is thrown into confusion: the aliment, instead of being assimilated, becomes more or less influenced by those laws which govern inanimate matter; fermentations and consequent eructations are produced; distensions and irritations are engendered; and sympathetic affections, occasionally of the most formidable nature and extent, where there is a susceptibility of their formation, become established.

But what is this condition of the nervous power requisite to insure those fibrous and secretory, those muscular and membranous actions, which are necessary to the production of chyme and chyle from the various substances received into the stomach? Dr. Wilson Philip has endeavoured to reply to this question by an appeal to experiment.

Far be it from us ever to countenance for a single moment that wanton trifling with the feelings and lives of inferior animals which the ultra zeal of physiological investigation has been too much disposed to indulge in; but we cannot help considering the result of some recent experiments made by the individual to whom we have just alluded, if not replete with all the consequence ascribed to them by the author, as at least highly important, not merely in a philosophical point of view, but also in their practical tendency. Dr. Philip

'divided the eighth pair of nerves in the necks of three recently fed rabbits, and every precaution was taken to keep their divided ends asunder. One of these animals, when subjected to *galvanic* influence, remained singularly quiet, breathing freely, and with no more apparent distress than the twitches usually produced by electric action, which was in this case kept up without interruption. The other rabbits laboured strongly in their respiration. They were all three killed at the same period, and their stomachs successively opened. In the two non-galvanized animals, chymification had scarcely made



any progress; but in that which had been galvanized, the process appeared to have been completed.'

The inference which Dr. Philip draws from these and similar observations, is, that galvanism and the nervous power are one and the same thing; or, in other words, that the puzzling problem which has been agitated for ages, with respect to the *quo modo* of nervous agency, is at length solved by these instances of substituting the electric for the nervous influence.

Much further investigation is requisite for the full establishment of the proposed analogy. We confess ourselves, however, to have been struck, from the first announcement of the propositions of Dr. Philip, with the superiority, to say the least, of his doctrines over all preceding speculations on the subject of nervous influence; and we think the following remarks of Dr. Paris will be perused with much interest by all who have given their attention to the subject of animal electricity, and the mode of its excitation by acids. Dr. Paris's suggestions, we must do him the justice to say, are always conceived in the cautious but not sceptical spirit that should ever direct the researches of the philosopher; and they are uniformly conveyed in the phraseology of a gentleman and a scholar.

'It is not my intention in this work, to enter into any speculations with respect to the more minute changes which may be supposed to take place under this galvanic influence of the nerves. My determination in this respect has been made in consequence of learning from Dr. Prout, that he has long been engaged in the investigation, and has arrived at some very curious and important results, which it is his intention shortly to give to the public. In the next place, such details would be wholly inconsistent with the practical objects of my present publication. I shall therefore conclude this part of my subject by observing, that most of the digestive products are acid; the chyme is uniformly distinguished by this character; and if the experiments of Dr. Prout be correct, muriatic acid is always present in the stomach: we may therefore suppose, that the nerves of this organ have the power of decomposing the muriatic salts, and of transferring its alkali to some distant reservoir, perhaps the liver. The intestinal juices are also acid; the *fæces*, unless they have undergone a degree of putrefactive decomposition, redden litmus; the urine, as well as perspirable matter, are likewise acid; and it is scarcely necessary to observe, that the whole product of the respiratory function is carbonic acid.'

Here we must pause, reserving the continuation of the topic, in reference to practical, dietetic, and medicinal considerations, for our ensuing Number.

- Art. II. 1. *Reminiscences of Michael Kelly*, including a Period of nearly half a Century ; with original Anecdotes of many distinguished Persons, political, literary, and musical. In two Volumes, small 8vo. pp. 716. London, 1826.
2. *The Life and Times of Frederick Reynolds*. Written by Himself. Two Volumes, 8vo. pp. 819. London, 1826.

**T**HERE is a superabundance of this flimsy sort of auto-biography afloat at the present moment ; and we have taken up these volumes as giving a fair sample of an ephemeral species of literature, sufficiently well adapted to meet the tastes of light and lounging readers, but supplying little interesting information to inquirers of a more fastidious temper. With regard to the volumes before us, the humbler title ushers in the better book. The ambitious Exhibiter of his ' *Life and Times* ' has given us but little of the latter, and, of the former, just such a sketch as, with the help of Champagne and grimace, might pass current as spirited and humorous, but, when lying on a Reviewer's table in the ' questionable shape ' of paper and print, is not likely to stir a muscle. Mr. Reynolds started as a tragic writer, just as some of the most grotesque comedians first trod the boards in all the glories of the buskin ; but he is better known in his own dramatic world as the author of certain nondescript productions, classing strictly under neither of the three divisions of dramatic composition. Of genuine comedy, Mr. Reynolds has not the smallest conception ; wit he has none ; humour in its genuine form never gives zest to his scenes : for these he has provided a showy, but inadequate substitute, in the incessant bustle of his characters, the vivacity of his dialogue, and a happy knack at placing his personages in ludicrous situations. His first comic production, the *Dramatist*, was his best ; and was, in particular, so great a favourite with the late king, that, during his reign, he ' commanded ' it not less than twenty times. But these are not our affairs, and we must decline to follow Mr. Reynolds through the vicissitudes of his career, convivial or dramatic. He appears to have led a gay and dissipated life ; to have enjoyed, in consideration of high spirits and companionable talents, a large portion of this world's good things in the shape of wine, joyous society, and the *res culinaria* ; and to be at present realizing the after-blessings of such a course, in the visitations of arthritic and nervous disease. In one point of view, his volumes are singularly instructive. They form an admirable commentary on the Proverbs of Solomon and the Book of Ecclesiastes ; and they show, with impressive admonition, to what base and miserable uses men may put intellectual and immortal faculties. It will be scarcely believed by any

out of a certain circle, that, at one time, the standing joke at the Theatrical Fund dinner, consisted in making an elderly gentleman of 'urbane manners' and much 'private worth,' *tell the same story ten times over!* The following sample of the 'feast of reason and the flow of soul,' will probably satisfy our readers.

'Dined at Andrews', and met there the Duke of Leeds, Colman, Topham, Merry, and John Kemble. The Duke, occasionally partial to punning, said, 'His Majesty, by supporting the constitution, has proved himself a capital *upholder*.' 'Yes, but not a capital *cabinet-maker!*' retorted Merry, forgetting that his Grace was secretary of state. *Mal à propos* again! Andrews being unwell, and *ergo* somewhat irritable, Merry told him that he received illness not as a *misfortune*, but as an *affront*. Kemble not so amusing as before; no man, indeed, pleasant under the dominion of wine. He abused nobody, however; only praised himself, and heard Merry whisper me, 'I would go barefoot to Holyhead, and back, only to see a fellow one half as clever as he thinks himself.' Colman, as usual, playful and entertaining—Another guest, in the midst of this "chaos come again," constantly amused himself after every glass, by repeating,

'Who is a man of words and deeds?

Who?—but his Grace, the Duke of Leeds.'

'Andrews, from anxiety, equally civil to every body—Topham, (after many of his neat repartees) fast asleep—but occasionally awakened by the noise, yawning and muttering. 'Reynolds is a *humorist*, not a *wit*—yaw! yaw! I am a *wit!*' then relapsing into his slumber. At twelve, all rose and retired, excepting Kemble, who exclaimed, 'Stop some of ye! I see this is the last time I shall be invited to this house, so now I'll make the most of it!—Hear!—more coffee!—more wine!' I was flying, but Andrews detained me, saying, 'Leave me alone with this tiresome tragedian, my dear Sir, and you shall never be asked again!' More influenced by sheer charity, than by the threat, I consented to stay; and not till *ten* the following morning, did the curtain drop. Kemble the whole time lauding the classical drama, and attacking *modern comedy*.'

Our readers are, no doubt, well acquainted with that best-authenticated and most frequently-repeated of ghost stories, the preternatural appearance which announced, with such entire fulfilment in the event, the death of Lord Lyttleton. We have heard the circumstances detailed with such general agreement, by authorities all but primary, and the current narrative appears to have been derived from sources so unexceptionable, that it were nothing better than gratuitous scepticism to doubt the facts as they appear on the surface, whether we refer them to natural causes, or explain them on common and obvious principles. The medical men who were in attendance account-



ed for his Lordship's death on the supposition that a 'nervous spasm' had arrested the functions of life. He had cherished, during the last years of his existence, a superstitious horror of solitude, and finding himself 'suddenly' alone, his dismay proved fatal. However all this may be, the occurrences were most extraordinary, and the following supplement is not less so.

' Speaking of the late Lord Lyttleton, and of the singular dream which preceded his death, Topham related to us the whole story; but which, with its supernatural bird, white lady, awful prophecy, and fatal completion, has since been so frequently and so variously detailed, that I cannot muster sufficient assurance to introduce it here; therefore, will pass to an event that is also connected with this strange death of Lord Lyttleton, and which, though nearly equally extraordinary, has, I believe, never been published. Of this event, Topham could speak with considerable certainty, as he was an eye-witness to the occurrence of the principal circumstances; and which circumstances, I afterwards heard (more than once) confirmed by the party himself.

' Andrews, imagining that Lord Lyttleton was in Ireland, with Lord Fortescue, and Captain O'Byrne, and wholly unconscious of the fatal prophecy, on the day preceding his Lordship's death, proceeded, with his partner, Mr. Pigou, to their residence, adjacent to their gunpowder mills, in the vicinity of Dartford. On the following evening, being indisposed, he retired to bed at eleven o'clock; his door was bolted, and he had a wax taper burning on the hearth. Whether he was asleep, or no, he never could decide; but he either saw, or thought he saw, the figure of his friend Lord Lyttleton approach his bed-side, wrapped in his long damask morning gown, and heard him exclaim,—“Andrews! it is all over with me.”

' So deeply was Andrews convinced of this appearance, that imagining that Lord Lyttleton had arrived at Dartford, without his knowledge, and had walked into his room for the purpose of alarming him, (a practice his Lordship was very fond of following,) he expostulated with the figure on the absurdity of the joke, and rising in his bed, was much surprised to observe that it had disappeared. Leaping on the floor, he commenced an immediate search, behind the curtains, under the bed, and around every part of the room, but no Lord Lyttleton was to be found. Then proceeding to the chamber door, he perceived that it was bolted as he had left it; but, still unconvinced, he rang his bell, and sternly desiring to be told the truth, inquired of Harris, his valet, whether Lord Lyttleton had not just arrived. Though the servant (who had just retired to his bedroom) frequently replied in the negative, yet Andrews persisted that he had seen his friend. However, after another vain search, and a repeated request from Andrews, that his Lordship would not be so foolish as longer to conceal himself, compelled at length, to abandon

his unsuccessful attempts, he again retired to bed, though not to rest; for exactly as the hand of the clock on the mantel-piece, pointed to twelve, he saw the figure of his friend again, but with a countenance so altered, so pallid, so ghastly, that Andrews' alarm increasing, he rang the bell, and called up the whole family, who, with great difficulty, at last composed him and convinced him of his error. In the morning at breakfast, Andrews, in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Pigou, Topham, and various persons, recapitulated all the particulars of this extraordinary occurrence, and in his own mind, evidently believed he had still seen Lord Lyttleton. When Andrews returned to town on the following Tuesday, he found at his house in Gower-street, a letter from Lord Westcote, and another from Captain O'Byrne, informing him that Lord Lyttleton had died on the previous Saturday, at midnight; the *very night*, and the *very hour*, when he thought he had seen the ghastly figure of his friend. "To others," concluded Topham, "I leave the task of commenting on, or elucidating this singular transaction. I can only add, that as you know, few men talk more, and generally, more pleasantly, than Andrews; but, for the space of two or three months after Lord Lyttleton's death, he would continue to sit, during successive hours, motionless, and absorbed in silence, in fact, never speaking a word, but what related to the foregoing mysterious event.

'Topham thus declining giving a decision, I must now add a few words, though I own I do not profess that they are quite new. From the first Lord Lyttleton to his son, the one just mentioned, and to the daughter, Lady Valentia, one distinguished characteristic seemed to pervade the whole family; viz. a strange belief in supernatural appearances. The first Lord Lyttleton often asserted, that his first wife, his departed Lucy, whom he has immortalized by his verse, had more than once appeared to him. His son, as has been described, died a victim to the imaginary visitation of a spirit: and his attached sister, Lady Valentia, is said to have maintained, that her fond, affectionate mother, after her death, had often stood before her bed, and smiled upon her.'

Of this strange tale, it is obvious to remark, that, considering the number of persons concerned, it seems extraordinary that it should now come before the public for the first time. It is now too late for investigation, though, if the whole be not one of those senseless hoaxes in which the tribe of quizzers find such unaccountable gratification, there is enough of the wild and wonderful about these appalling circumstances, if not to make us believe, at least to induce hesitation in unbelief.

The '*Reminiscences*' of Michael Kelly make up a more substantial book than the autobiographical sketches of Frederick Reynolds. We cannot, indeed, say that the subjects are altogether of the most important kind, nor is theatrical gossip particularly valuable to any but the parties concerned: but there will be found intermixed with this, some interesting

illustrations of the state of musical science both at home and abroad, and a sprinkling of amusing anecdote connected with names of some note on the political scene. The Kelly family were all musical, and in Michael, the propensity was so decided as to induce his father to send him to Italy for more complete instructions in the principles of the science. He appeared on the Dublin stage before he was fifteen, and left Ireland in May, 1779. He reached Naples in safety, and placed himself under the tuition of a celebrated teacher, who insisted on his abandonment of the piano-forte as 'highly prejudicial to the voice.' He was patronised by Sir William Hamilton, presented by him to the king and queen, and, on the whole, seems to have passed his time very pleasantly. In August, 1779, occurred the memorable eruption of Vesuvius, of which Sir William was fortunate enough to be an eye-witness, and his *protégé* had the advantage of being constantly near him during that season of magnificence and dismay. Naples was in great danger, and its safety appeared to depend on the direction of the wind, which, happily, blew towards the opposite quarter. The Lazzaroni took it into their heads, that the exhibition of the image of St. Januarius would silence the mountain, and went in a body to demand that it might be placed in their hands for that purpose. The archbishop of Naples, apprehensive that the valuable jewels which adorned the saint might disappear during the ceremony, and unwilling at the same time to hazard the personal consequence of a refusal, took the middle course of getting out of the way. The Lazzaroni, in high displeasure,

'held a council, and I saw them,' says Mr. Kelly, 'in an immense body march to Posilipo, whither the king and queen had retired, determined to force the king to order the saint to be given up to them. The king appeared on the balcony to address them, but in vain; the queen also (*enceinte*) came forward, but without avail. The royal guard and a Swiss regiment were ordered to disperse them; but they were not to be intimidated; neither intreaties nor menaces could divert them from their purpose. 'The Saint! the Saint! give us up our Saint!' was the universal cry. Just as popular fury was at its height, a man appeared, whom the moment they saw, the wolves became lambs; the mob fell on their knees before him bareheaded and in total silence. He addressed them in the following conciliatory manner:—

“What do you come here for, ye infamous scoundrels? Do ye want to disturb your Saint in his holy sanctuary, by moving him? Think ye, ye infamous rascals, that if St. Gennaro had chosen to have the mountain silent, ere this, he would not have commanded it to be so? Hence! to your homes, ye vagrants! away! be off! lest



the Saint, enraged at your infamous conduct, should order the earth to open and swallow ye up !”

‘ This soothing speech, aided by a kick to one, and a knock on the head to another, (fairly dealt to all within his reach,) dispersed them without a single murmur ! So that what the supplication of their sovereign, backed by the soldiery, could not effect, was accomplished by one man, armed indeed with superstition, but with nothing else ! This man was Father Rocco, well known to have possessed the most unbounded power over the lower orders in Naples : of no saint in the calendar (St. Gennaro excepted) did they stand in such awe as of Father Rocco. He was a sensible, shrewd man, and used the power he possessed with great discretion. He was much in the confidence of the Chevalier Acton and the other ministers. Previous to his time, assassinations were frequent at night in the streets, which were in utter darkness, and the government dared not interfere to have them lighted, lest they should offend the Lazzaroni ; but Father Rocco undertook to do it. Before each house in Naples there is a figure of a Madonna, or some saint, and he had the address to persuade the inhabitants that it was a *mortal sin* to leave them in the dark !

‘ I was myself a witness of the following ridiculous scene. One evening, a groupe of Lazzaroni were very attentively playing at their favourite game of *Mora* ; beside them was a puppet-show, in which Punch was holding forth with all his might. Father Rocco suddenly appeared amongst them. The first step the holy man took, was to sweep into his pouch all the money staked by the gamblers ; then, turning to the spectators of Punch, he bawled out, “ So, So, ye rascallions ! instead of going out to fish for the convents and support your families, ye must be loitering here, attending to this iniquitous Punch ! this lying varlet !” Then lifting up a large wooden cross, suspended by huge beads round his waist, he lustily belaboured all within his reach, lifting up the cross at intervals, and crying out, “ Look here, you impious rogues ! *Questo é il vero Pulcinella !* This is the true Punch, you impious villains.” And, strange as this mixture of religious zeal and positive blasphemy may appear, they took their thrashing with piety, and departed peaceably like good Catholics.’

A considerable change soon took place in the situation of Kelly. A Signor Aprile, ‘ the famous soprano,’ the ‘ greatest singer and musician of the day,’ took a fancy to him, and offered to instruct him without remuneration. This was too advantageous a proposal for rejection, and Aprile kept his word to the letter. His pupil speaks of him with becoming gratitude.

‘ I prevailed on him to accept, as a remembrance, the piano-forte I brought from Ireland,—it was my only possession ; but I declare, that had it been worth thousands, it would have been his ; my love and gratitude to him were so strong. Many years afterwards, when dining with my dear and lamented friend, the late Lady Hamilton,

at Merton, I had the pleasure of hearing of this circumstance from the illustrious Lord Nelson, near whom I had the honour of being seated at table. He said, "Mr. Kelly, when in Naples, I have frequently heard your old master, Aprile, speak of you with great affection, though he said that, when with him, you were as wild as a colt. He mentioned, also, your having given him your piano-forte, which, he said, nothing should induce him to part with."

At parting, Aprile gave his pupil money and recommendations, by the help of which young Kelly procured an engagement at Florence, and on its termination, accepted another as first comic tenor at Venice. While making a short stay at Bologna, he describes the following whimsical occurrence.

'I had a letter to deliver to a Bolognese nobleman, Signor Ferusini, a singular character, though a very worthy man; he was frightfully ugly and humpbacked, yet he was afflicted with the disease of supposing every woman who saw him, in love with him; as he was rich, he spared no expense in adorning himself, in order to set off his charms to the best advantage. I was waiting for him one morning, when he came from his toilette, dressed in a new suit of the richest and most expensive quality, painted, patched, and made up in every possible way. He placed himself before a large mirror, and indulged himself thus:—"I am handsome, young, and amiable; the women follow me, and I am healthy and rich—what on earth do I want?"—"Common sense, you rascal," said his father (who had just entered the room) in a fury, and immediately knocked him down.'

The discipline was severe; we hope it was efficacious; but a horsewhip would have been less dangerous, and more paternal.

The first Venetian engagement came to nothing, through the failure of the manager; but, after a brief season at the Gratz Theatre, Mr. Kelly successively performed at Brescia, which he left abruptly in consequence of an intimation that his life was in danger, Treviso, and Venice, where he was fortunate enough to be engaged at a liberal salary for the Italian Opera at Vienna. His letters of recommendation were highly respectable, and he enjoyed the privilege of mingling in the highest circles, with frequent opportunities of observing the habits and address of the Emperor Joseph, as well as those of his minister Kaunitz, and his generals, Lascy and Laudon. We shall make room for some interesting particulars respecting Mozart. Mr. Kelly was introduced to him at a concert, where

'he favoured the company by performing fantasias and capriccios on the piano-forte. His feeling, the rapidity of his fingers, the great execution and strength of his left hand particularly, and the apparent inspiration of his modulations, astounded me. After this splen-

did performance, we sat down to supper, and I had the pleasure to be placed at table between him and his wife, Madame Constance Weber, a German lady, of whom he was passionately fond, and by whom he had three children. He was a remarkably small man, very thin and pale, with a profusion of fine fair hair, of which he was rather vain. He gave me a cordial invitation to his house, of which I availed myself, and passed a great part of my time there. He always received me with kindness and hospitality. He was remarkably fond of punch, of which beverage I have seen him take copious draughts. He was also fond of billiards. He was kind-hearted and always ready to oblige; but so very particular when he played, that if the slightest noise were made, he instantly left off. I remember at the first rehearsal (of the *Nozze di Figaro*) of the full band, Mozart was on the stage with his crimson pelisse and gold-laced cocked hat, giving the time of the music to the orchestra. Figaro's song, '*Non piu andrai, farfallone amoroso*,' Bennuci gave with the greatest animation and power of voice. I was standing close to Mozart, who, *sotto voce*, was repeating, Bravo! Bravo! Bennuci; and when Bennuci came to the fine passage, '*Cherubino, alla vittoria, alla gloria militar*,' which he gave out with Stentorian lungs, the effect was electricity itself, for the whole of the performers on the stage, and those in the orchestra, as if actuated by one feeling of delight, vociferated Bravo! Bravo! Maestro: Viva! Viva! grande Mozart.'

We can go no further with Mr. Kelly: the greater part of his book relates to matters very much out of our way. Before we take leave, however, of our two autobiographers, we must express a wish that certain particulars of their lives had been entirely passed over. Mr. Reynolds, especially, is sometimes, to use his own phrase, gratuitously '*broad*.'

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Art. III. *Sermons*. Par Charles Scholl, L'un des Pasteurs de l'Eglise Francoise de Londres. 8vo. pp. 234. London, 1826.

THE French language, so far as the voice and ear are concerned, is uncommonly favourable to a public speaker. The breadth and fullness of its vowel sounds, the energy of its conventional delivery, and the force and elevation with which it is usual to give the termination of sentences, are all well calculated for impression. We believe it is Mr. Payne Knight who has contrasted the character of our popular eloquence with that of France, and referred to some such peculiarities as those which we have just mentioned, the effect produced on their hearers by the orators of the Revolution. Compare our mincing pronunciation of the words—liberty, equality, treason, vengeance—with the corresponding expressions—*liberté, égalité, trahison, vengeance*—in the plenitude and terminal stress of



French delivery, and the superiority in this respect, of one system of utterance over the other, will be manifest. We are not, however, disposed to make the same concessions on the point of general harmony. The rising close, though favourable to distinctness, is incomparably inferior in melody to the falling cadence, too often suffered by our readers and speakers to sink into an inaudible murmur. The incessant jerk and prevailing nasality of Gallic intonation are indescribably unpleasant, and fatal to every aim at dignity and genuine power. There may, perhaps, be somewhat of rational self-complacency in our opinion; but we are, on the whole, very much disposed to believe, that, to say nothing of internal structure, our system of reading and pronunciation is, for all the higher purposes, superior to that of any other people in Europe. The harsh aspirate of the Spaniard, the overwhelming guttural of the German, and the predominance of vowels that emasculates the language of Italy, are much more intractable peculiarities than the imputed sibilancy of our own dialect.

M. Scholl's designation—*l'un des Pasteurs de l'Eglise Françoise de Londres*—has suggested these remarks, by reminding us of the pulpit exercises of one of his predecessors, M. le Mercier; a gentleman whose attractive manner sometimes tempted us to lose sight of the rather doubtful evangelism of his matter. His exterior was advantageous; his countenance intelligent and interesting. He read well, with enough of the English cadence to cover the edginess of French enunciation, and enough of the latter to give point and poignancy to the former. He published some sermons on public worship, which were, if we recollect rightly, rather vapid. How far his successor may surpass or fall short of his advantages as a public speaker, we are unable to say, but we can bear testimony to his superiority as a preacher of the gospel. M. Scholl is not remarkably distinguished for excellence as a reasoner, nor should we suppose that his doctrinal views come quite up to what decided Calvinists are accustomed to consider as the Evangelical standard; but he is a spirited declaimer, a faithful and earnest preacher; his appeals to the conscience are searching and uncompromising; his practical exhortations are well defined; and his estimates of character are discriminating and effective. The following is a fair example of his general manner.

‘ The Saviour gives to his disciples the strength necessary for steadfastness in the faith, and for growth in grace and holiness. The Christian character is not the work of a moment. To believe that it is thus formed, is to betray ignorance of our own hearts, as well as of the spirituality of the divine law. The sinner is weak, depraved, and

he is to be made holy. He must *put off the old man and put on the new, which is created after the image of God, in righteousness and true holiness.* He must be *transformed by the renewing of his mind.* He must lay aside conformity to the world. He is not to love the world, neither the things of the world. He must be sanctified, as well as justified, by Christ, and by him be clothed with that Christian character of which the features are humility, gentleness, mercy, poverty of spirit, purity of heart, hungering and thirsting after righteousness. What a task! left to himself, vainly will the sinner attempt to fulfil it. Far from advancing in the narrow way, he will return to the path of destruction. But Jesus Christ is with him, as he was with the man sick of the palsy. He trusts neither in his own wisdom, nor in his own strength, but in the promises of his Lord. He knows that his Saviour has enough of goodness and of power to bring him out of the sepulchre of sin, and he strives manfully in reliance on him who is mighty to save. He lifts up his heart to him, in temptation, and makes proof that in his weakness the strength of the Lord is made manifest. He often falls. He finds in himself a law, warring against the law of his mind. But every failure is to him a lesson of humility, of repentance, of dependence on the mercy of God in Christ, of watchfulness, and of prayer. Thus his hatred to sin increases in proportion as he feels how much it is opposed to the glory of God and to the Christian calling; and he labours to separate himself from it more and more. Upheld by his master, he advances in the way; he combats with determination and without relaxation. Notwithstanding much weakness, he lives holily in the midst of a world sunk in sin. He fixes his affection on things which are above, in the midst of a world immersed in those which perish. He lives for his God, his Saviour, eternity, in the midst of a world for which God, the Saviour, and eternity, are but words. Thus Jesus Christ, his strength and his life, raises him above all that destroys the sinner in whose heart the Saviour does not dwell. Thus his soul lives the true life, that for which it was created. Thus it resumes the image of God; it is secured in the fellowship of its Saviour; it is preparing for eternal life.

The Sermons are twelve in number, on the following topics: The infallible Fulfilment of the Words of Jesus Christ—Domestic Worship—The Joy of Angels at the Conversion of a Sinner—Christ's Invitation to the Sinner—The Beneficence of Jesus Christ and the Lessons it inculcates—The Effect of what the World deems trivial Faults—Misconception concerning the Duty of partaking of the Lord's Supper—Frequent Communion—The Depravity of human nature—Jesus Christ in Gethsemane—Illusions which hinder practical Obedience to the Word—Redemption.

A respectable list of subscribers is prefixed.

- Art. IV. 1. *Lettres à M. le Duc de Blacas D'Aulps, Premier Gentilhomme de la Chambre, Pair de France, &c. Relatives au Musée Royal Egyptien de Turin.* Par M. Champollion le Jeune. Première Lettre. Monuments Historiques. Royal 8vo. pp. 110. Paris, 1824.
2. *Lettres à M. le Duc de Blacas D'Aulps, &c. Seconde Lettre. Suite des Monumens Historiques,* par M. Champollion le jeune; *Suite de la Notice Chronologique des Dynasties Egyptiennes de Manethon,* par M. Champollion-Figeac. Royal 8vo. pp. 168. Planches, (4to.) Paris, 1826.

WE have already submitted to our readers an account of two of M. Champollion's former publications on the mysterious and long-neglected subject of Egyptian Hieroglyphics, in which he gave us the result of his examination of the statues, sarcophagi, and mummies, monkeys, cats, crocodiles, and beetles, and other Egyptian lumber in the Museum of Paris. \* We now proceed to notice the subsequent archæological achievements of this most persevering and intelligent inquirer, as detailed in two letters relating to the historical monuments in the Royal Egyptian Museum of Turin.

In the opening paragraphs of the first letter, the grateful Author pays a well-merited compliment to the King of France (Louis XVIII), for the enlightened patronage with which he had honoured his Egyptian researches; next, to *M. le Duc*, for being actuated towards him by sentiments similar to those of his Majesty; and thirdly, to '*un ministre*' (Visc. Chateaubriand?) for having '*honoured the memory of the Pharaohs by transports of the noblest enthusiasm upon the very soil of Egypt.*' He deplores the unlucky events—most lucky, we apprehend, they would be deemed by his royal or noble patrons—that compelled the French Government to restore to their rightful owners, the works of art which the rapacity of its revolutionary chief had most illicitly assembled in the gallery of the Louvre. He then informs us, that the collection of which he is about to give an account, is the result of the active researches of M. Drovetti during twenty consecutive years. He might have gone on to state, that the said M. Drovetti was the French Consul in Egypt of the Revolutionary Government; that, after he was turned out of office, he remained in the ancient land of the Pharaohs; and that having taken into his employ a number of individuals, he amassed, with their assistance, the splendid collection which he in due time brought to Europe, and sold to the King of Sardinia for the not inconsiderable sum of 400,000

\* See Eclect. Rev. Vol. XX. p. 481 (Dec. 1823); and Vol. XXII. p. 330. (Oct. 1824.)



frances. It is now fixed at Turin, and as it bears the denomination of Royal Egyptian Museum, it is to be hoped that his Sardinian Majesty will, with all convenient speed, provide for it a suitable mansion; its present one being by far too small, and so miserably ill-lighted that the most sharp-sighted visiter can scarcely distinguish in it stone from stucco. This we are enabled to state on good authority; and from the same quarter we have information, that, besides the historical monuments, this Museum contains many objects of great rarity and value. Among these, is an ancient cubit measure, made of the wood of Merœ, in texture and colour something between wainscot and mahogany; the divisions and measurements are marked in hieroglyphics: it was found at Memphis. There are also, a small statue of a priest carved in the same wood, having the fragment of a god on each shoulder, and a staff in each hand; many *pastophori*, and various specimens of gilding on wood and on metal; 3000 Roman-Egyptian coins; one Daric; and many *papyri*, extending from Amenophis I., who, according to Manetho, reigned thirty-eight years after the expulsion of the Shepherd-kings (1778 B. C.), down to the time of Adrian, of which date there is a well-preserved mummy. One of the *papyri* is sixty feet long, exceedingly well-preserved, and admirably unrolled: it is said to contain the name of Osymandyas, written *Ousimandouei*, the first king of the XVIth dynasty, who began his reign 2272 years before the Christian era. In addition to these, there is an ancient painter's pallet, with paints, brushes, and paint-box; a granite stone bearing a bilingual inscription in the Demotic and Greek characters; thousands of *scarabæi*; a statue of Memnon, very much like a Tomfool; and one of Sesöstris, having the appearance of a young god, and valued at 100,000 francs.

M. Champollion, in the Letters before us, does not, however, profess to describe the different kinds of monuments with which this Museum is stored, but only such as are of an historical nature, in continuation of the subject of his Letter to M. Dacier, published in 1822. At that time, the learned Parisian, having expounded to his own satisfaction, the phonetic hieroglyphics of the names of a few Pharaohs, Ptolemies, and Roman prefects, flattered himself that he had mastered all the difficulties of the subject, and, by his discoveries, had shed a flood of light to illuminate the path of every future explorer of Egyptian antiquities; in fact, that hieroglyphic obscurity or Egyptian darkness should henceforth be but a name. He was like the glow-worm, glimmering over an inch, and imagining that, as the Sun, it could irradiate the pole. A journey to Turin has

served to moderate his vanity; and, we transcribe with pleasure the following avowal, which does credit to his candour.

‘It is *only* in the Royal Museum of Turin, in the midst of that mass of *remains* so varied of an ancient civilization, that the history of Egyptian Art seemed to me still to remain entirely to be composed (*m’ a semblé rester encore entièrement à faire*). Here, every thing shews that we have been in too great haste to judge of its proceedings, to determine its means, and especially to assign its limits.’ p. 5.

We speak on good authority in assuring M. Champollion, that when he shall have performed his intended journey through Egypt, he will not only see reason to strike out the ‘*only*’ (*seulement*) from the above sentence, by which he invidiously exalts the Turin Museum, the second or third that he has ever seen, to the disparagement of all others; but will feel compelled to acknowledge that, up to this time, he had seen very little of Egyptian Art. What should we think of the individual who, on having presented to him a stone taken from every splendid edifice in the world, should pretend to pronounce, from those specimens, on their respective character and appearance, and the comparative grandeur of each? ‘Your Majesty,’ said Canova to Napoleon, who had invited him to reside at Paris, and, as an inducement, offered to transport every work of art from Rome to that city,—‘may take away every thing that can be removed, and, after that, there will still remain infinitely more at Rome to delight and improve the artist, than all which you have removed.’ The observation applies with accumulated force to Egypt. More of art and more of history are contained in the ruins of that country, which it exceeds the power of man to remove, than in the whole world besides. ‘A temple,’ it has been remarked by one of the most intelligent of our modern Travellers who has explored this wonderful country, ‘is the pride of Athens; an amphitheatre the boast of Rome; but Egypt, from end to end, and from side to side, from the mouth of the Nile to the second Cataract, is a field of inexhaustible wonder and delight to the traveller.’\* Yet, Egypt is not, as M. Champollion represents, the first link in the chain of ancient Art, but Babylon; of which, to our shame as a nation be it spoken, we know nothing compared with what ought to be known, considering our means and opportunities of exploring its ruins. Not a brick exists within the bounds of ancient Babylon, but ought to be interrogated, as our primeval parent questioned Nature respecting his own origin, ‘how’ it ‘came thus, how here.’

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\* Richardson’s Travels. Vol. II. p. 162.

But to return to M. Champollion! The Royal Museum at Turin, he informs us, contains statues or pillars (*stèles*) bearing the royal legends, more or less perfect, of about thirty monarchs of the Egyptian race. The *cartouches* of twenty-one of these are given in his First Letter, accompanied with the intimation, that the number is probably much more considerable. This conjecture is amply verified by the Second Letter, in which are exhibited nine and twenty additional *cartouches*. These, however, are not all different, as we shall presently shew, although the greater part have received confirmation by reference to the Table of Abydos; a copy of which was brought to this country by Mr. W. Banks, and published by him in Mr. Salt's Essay on the Phonetic System of Hieroglyphics, much about the same time that another copy was published by M. Cailliaud in France about twelve months ago. This genealogical tablet of Abydos, 'executed in the time of Sesostris at latest,' has sculptured on it, forty royal *prenoms* or titles, classed chronologically; which, so far as they have been deciphered, correspond to the names of Egyptian kings in the extract from Manetho preserved by Josephus in his work against Apion; and by a comparison of the two, we obtain the names, dates, and order of the reign of several kings whose existence has been called in question and blended with fable. These, M. Champollion has thought proper to publish in the order in which he deciphered them; but we shall notice them in the chronological order. We must premise, however, that the early chronology of Egypt is involved in the greatest obscurity, owing to the loss of the old Egyptian Chronicle, framed from ancient records by the Persians after their conquest of the country, and which, it appears from a fragment preserved by Syncellus, recorded thirty dynasties, extending during 113 generations for 36,525 years! The first dynasty is that of the *Aurita*; a word supposed to be derived from the Hebrew *Aur*, light or fire, and referring to the primitive theology of the Chaldeans. The first name in this dynasty is Phtha, the supreme God, or Hephaistos—Ἡφαιστος ὁ τῶν Θέων Πάτερ. He shines night and day, and his reign is without beginning of days or end of years. Helius, the Sun, the son of Phtha, reigned 30,000 years. Twelve gods reigned 3984 years; eight demigods, 217 years. This brings us down to 2674, B.C., when the fifteenth dynasty begins, about 326 years before the Deluge: it consisted of Mesraites or heroes, who reigned 443 years. The sixteenth dynasty is that of Egyptians or mortals, which began 2231 B.C., or 117 years after the Deluge.

Another valuable document now lost, (at least, the greater part of it,) is the Chronological Canon which Manetho of Se-



bennytus, high-priest and sacred scribe, compiled, by order of Ptolemy Philadelphus, from the archives of the temples, ancient records, and written pillars of Thoth, 258, B.C. This loss is much to be lamented, as the Author, who is stated to have been σοφίας ἕως ἀκροῦ ἱερατικοῦ ἀνδρα, had given a consecutive list of thirty-one Egyptian dynasties from King Menes, who succeeded the demigods, down to Alexander the Great, the head of the XXXIInd or Macedonian dynasty. The first fifteen dynasties of this Annalist are lost; and we owe the preservation of what is extant of the rest to Josephus, Africanus, Eusebius, and Syncellus. On a comparison, however, of the Old Chronicle with the date assigned to Menes, there appears to be but a few years difference between the era of his reign (2412 B.C.), and the beginning of the sixteenth dynasty of the Old Chronicle, 2348 B. C. And no document has been discovered by M. Champollion, that carries us up to this period. Menes is mentioned by Syncellus as a monarch of the sixteenth dynasty: he probably succeeded the Mesraites, the descendants of Ham.

Both M. Champollion and his Brother have worked hard to find one of the most famous heroes of Egyptian history a *cartouche* in the fifteenth or sixteenth dynasty; namely, Osymandyas, a hero whom any dynasty might be proud to claim, if but the five-hundredth part were true of what antiquity has reported concerning him. Their induction is as follows. M. Huyot, one of the architects who accompanied the Expedition to Egypt, copied from the granite sanctuary in the great temple of Karnak, a royal legend, containing a title or *prenom*, composed of eight symbols, and signifying, Sun-guardian-of-the-worlds-friend-of-Ammon. On referring to the Table of Abydos, M. Champollion finds a series of *prenoms* in the second line, which have certain characters in common with it; he therefore infers that it is one of those that have perished with the wall. But this *prenom*, he says, could not have belonged to any sovereign of either the 17th, 18th, or 19th dynasty, and consequently must have belonged to an anterior one. In the *cartouche* which accompanies this *prenom*, he finds the figurative mark or symbol of the god Mendou, followed by the diphthong *ei*, in combination with the title, 'Established by Phtha, or Servant of Phtha.' The whole legend, as read by M. C., is, 'The King of the Obedient People, the Lord of the Universe, (Sun Guardian of the worlds friend of Ammon), The Son of the Sun, MANDOU EI servant of Phtha.' This same *cartouche*, M. C. finds on the vesture or buckle of the belt of a statue 15 feet high, in the Museum at Turin; and also on the left arm of the same statue, with the additional

title, 'Beloved of Mendou the Great and of the God Phré ever living (or making alive.)' Something more, however, is still wanting to make out the name of Osymandyas; and this is attempted to be supplied by M. Champollion's Brother, who writes the historical notice appended to the Letters. It appears from Diodorus Siculus, that King Uchoreus was the eighth in descent or succession from Osymandyas, and that Mœris ascended the throne twelve generations after Uchoreus; which, allowing 27 years for a generation, makes 540 years for the twenty generations intervening between Mœris and Osymandyas. The former began his reign about 1736 B. C., and this fixes the reign of the latter, therefore, at 2276 B. C.; which nearly agrees with Manetho, placing it prior to the reign of the five kings of the sixteenth dynasty preserved by what remains of his Chronicle. In further confirmation of this view of the subject, M. Champollion-Figeac, finding the name Ousi occupying the same place in the fragment of Syncellus; which the name of Osymandyas ought to do according to the above calculation, and taking into account the fact, that the Egyptian sovereigns frequently had two or more names, concludes, not very unwarrantably, that, out of these two names, the Greeks formed their Osymandyas. He places him, therefore, at the end of the fifteenth, or at the beginning of the sixteenth dynasty, viz. according to Manetho, 2272 B. C.

We recollect to have seen a work entitled, '*A sober Guess at the Prophecies contained in the Revelation.*' Some such title as this, we should deem not inapplicable to M. Champollion's efforts at discovering the name of Osymandyas. For, granting that *Ousi* and *Mendouei* are the names of the same personage, we are not quite satisfied with the manner in which *Mendouei* is made out. We should like to hear the learned Antiquary explain why, in many of the *cartouches*, he takes no notice at all of the squat hawk-headed human figure which he in the present instance calls Mandou. As for the statue itself, it has much more of the austerity of a priest, than of the dignity of a king, and seems to have formed a pillar of a temple; not a very likely place to be assigned to the statue of the 'king of kings.' But no mention is made of the place from which it was taken, which is a serious omission, and one, we regret to perceive, that the Author has been guilty of in reference to almost every object described in the *Two Letters*. We should find it much easier to concede, that the extraordinary ingenuity of the two brothers had ascertained the name and the true era of Osymandyas, than that the statue so inscribed is his representative.

The last king of the sixteenth dynasty, named Timaus or  
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Conchosis, was overcome by the *Hyk-schos*, or Shepherd Kings, who are described as a savage people with red hair and blue eyes, (Scythians, apparently, or Goths; with such complexions they could not, as Josephus pretends, be Hebrews,) who burned the towns, destroyed the public buildings and works of art, ravaged the country, and subjected the whole of it to their dominion as far as Assouan, during 260 years (according to Manetho). No name of any of the Shepherd-kings has hitherto been found on any monument; but the *prenoms* of six of the legitimate sovereigns of the collateral dynasty, who had retired into Arabia, and still maintained their sway over a portion of their ancient subjects, have been discovered,—four of them by Dr. Ricci in those parts; they are dated in the 27th, 31st, 42d, and 44th years of their reign, and are of the xviith dynasty. The other two are in the Museum at Turin. One of these kings is the fifth predecessor of Amosis-Misphrathoutmosis; another, his fourth predecessor; but the proper name is effaced in the *cartouche*, and no chronologist has preserved any of their names. Those of the intrusive dynasty have been preserved in the extracts from Manetho given by Josephus. The above-mentioned monuments establish, however, beyond all doubt, the existence of the collateral legitimate dynasty. We have also presented to us the name and *prenom* of its last and most illustrious member, Misphrathoutmosis, who commenced the expulsion of the Shepherd-kings; as well as that of his son, Amenoftep, the first of the eighteenth dynasty, who completed their overthrow. Also, the name of Nane-Atari, his wife, and those of sixteen other kings and two queens of the same illustrious dynasty. One of these sovereigns is Amenophis II., the Memnon of the Greeks, together with Taia, his queen: he reigned 30 years and five months, commencing 1687 B. C. We have Horus his son; five Ramses; one Ousirei; and one Mandouei. Horus, the Son of Memnon, appears in the *cartouche*, under the name *Hor-Nem-Neb*. His name is found on the ruins of Luxor, the building of which was commenced by his father, and continued by him. The name of Thoutmosis II., the Mæris of the Greeks, occurs on a statue, as also on the obelisk of St. John de Lateran: he may be considered as the greatest sovereign of the xviith dynasty, which ended 1473 B. C.

The sixth dynasty opens with the name of Ramses VI., the illustrious Sesostris of the Greeks, both the name and *prenom* of whom seem to identify him with the prototype of the large broken statue in the Memnonium. He was buried at Biban el Melouk, in what is usually called the Harp Tomb; and the lid of his stone sarcophagus, inscribed with his name and effigy



reposing between two of his wives, is now in the Cambridge University Museum, as we had occasion to mention in noticing M. Champollion's "*Précis*." His name is found on a beautiful statue in that Museum, and his titles are : ' The Image of ' the Living and Beneficent God, the Representative of Ammon, ' of Mars, and of the Sun, in the Upper Region, (Upper ' Egypt ?) the King RE SATE, approved by Phré, the Direc- ' tor and the Guardian of Egypt, the Offspring of the Gods, ' the Son of the Sun, the Cherished of Ammon, Ramses, eter- ' nal Vivificator.' (Lett. I. p. 73). Every one knows the compliment paid to his memory a thousand years after his death by the high-priest of Memphis, when he opposed Darius in removing his statue from the temple of Phtha.

M. Champollion has laid before us some names also of the xxth dynasty, by whom, it has generally been supposed, that the Pyramids were erected. The learned Archæologist seems disposed to assign them an earlier date, without stating more precisely what era, than that it was in the reigns of the second, third, and fourth princes of the ivth Memphitic dynasty. We should prefer calling it Ethiopian dynasty. Indeed, we do not perceive why they may not have been erected in the time of the Tanite dynasty : only, there are pyramids in Ethiopia, and none in Phenicia. Under this dynasty, we have the *cartouche* of ' *Arthoout*, Cherished of Hercules.' The name of this sovereign occurs several times on the large sarcophagus in the British Museum, improperly called the Sarcophagus of Alexander the Great. There is also the *cartouche* of Cete, Thuoris, or Ramses X., the Proteus of the Greeks, who reigned in Egypt when it was visited by Paris after eloping with Helen. *Cartouches* are likewise given of sovereigns of the xxist and xxiid dynasties, the former of which terminated, 971 B.C. with Sesonchosis, the Shishak of the Old Testament.

Here, M. Champollion closes, for the present, his account of the contents of this valuable Museum, as does his Brother the Chronological notices ; but they jointly promise a Third Letter, which is to bring down the History of Egypt to the era of the Roman invasion, collected from its monuments, arranged, expounded, and illustrated by two of the most learned archæologists in Europe, whose united labours have placed the early history of Egypt on a more solid base than that of any other nation excepting the Jews. We shall reserve any further remarks till we have an opportunity of examining the promised sequel ; and take leave of the learned Brothers for the present, by thanking them for the entertainment and instruction which they have afforded us. We must, however, add for the information of our readers, that, though the num-

ber of deciphered *cartouches* has been so considerably added to in the present publications, the symbolic, hieroglyphic, hieratic, and demotic alphabets remain in the same state as before.

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Art. V. *Recollections of Egypt.* By the Baroness Von Minutoli. 12mo. pp. 280. London. 1827.

**F**ROM Osymandyas to Mahomed Ali is a rather violent transition; but those of our readers who have patiently followed us through the chronological details of the preceding article, relating to the history of Ancient Egypt, may not be displeased if we afford them a peep at Egypt as it is.

The Baron Henry Menu Von Minutoli, the husband of the Authoress of this agreeable volume, is a general in the Prussian service, who, in the year 1820—1, obtained from his sovereign leave of absence to undertake a scientific tour in the East. His plan was, to travel through Egypt to Dongola; thence to proceed to visit the Cyrenaica and the Oases, and to return through Syria and Greece. But circumstances prevented the execution of the whole of this plan, and the Baron was obliged to content himself with a visit to the Oasis of Ammon and an excursion as far southward as Syene. His not being able to visit the long neglected site of the ancient Cyrene, is said to have been owing to the petty jealousy of certain European speculators in antiquities, resident in Egypt, who secretly laboured with the most ignoble views to defeat his intention. Sometime after his return, the General published an account of his Travels, written in German; but of this 'splendid work,' no English translation has hitherto appeared, notwithstanding an announcement which promised it more than a year ago. We must confess that we await it without impatience. Our own travellers have left little or nothing to describe between Alexandria and Syene, and the little that is new in the Baron's work must relate to the Ammonian Oasis and the pyramid of Sakkara. In the mean time, this slight but lively sketch by the Baroness, who accompanied her husband to Egypt, will, we doubt not, be favourably received.

The most melancholy spot, perhaps, in Egypt, is Alexandria, partly from the comparatively modern date of its grandeur and decay, the recent character of its ruins, which more closely connects the desolation with our sympathy, and the semi-European aspect of the place; partly from the recollection of the crimes and follies which were acted there in Christian times. In Upper Egypt, it must be pleasant enough to compare the

wonders of the scene with the records of Herodotus; but at Alexandria, only painful associations would be awakened by reference to the pages of Gibbon. The work of destruction is most complete. Nothing remains of its ancient splendour but the column improperly called Pompey's Pillar, and the two obelisks, only one of which is standing. These are surrounded with heaps of rubbish covering the ground as far as the eye can reach.

'Every thing bears the stamp of the hand of time, and the exhaustion of the soil;—the aridity is such that it does not allow even a few wild bushes to vegetate; the bustle which once prevailed in this part of the city, has now given place to silence and meditation. At a short distance we see the Greek convent; a grove of palm-trees rises above its walls, and the evening breeze alone breaks the general stillness. The present state of this celebrated country inspires a melancholy and painful feeling. A gloomy tinge seems to be spread over all objects; we even try to discover some connection, direct or indirect, between the solemn and grand style of the ancient Egyptian architecture, and the grave and regular physiognomy of the present inhabitants. As for the latter, they are seldom seen to smile; and the ebullitions of lively mirth are, in their eyes, a want of decorum, and often even a proof of mental alienation.

'On going the following day to the Rosetta gate, I saw ruins of more modern date—houses abandoned since the late revolutions in Egypt, and devastated at the taking of Alexandria by the French army. When Egypt became a province of the Roman empire, Alexandria was one of the best fortified cities of that time; and continued so till the decline of the empire. At the time of its conquest by the Saracens, this city having considerably fallen off from its ancient magnificence, it had been found necessary to reduce its extent. A new line of ramparts was accordingly built, known by the name of Enclosure of the Arabs; and gates were erected, remarkable for the beauty of their architecture, but of which only a few fragments now remain.

'Since Egypt has become a part of the Ottoman Empire, the splendour and the strength of this city have gradually declined, as has been manifested, in the later periods of its history, by the facility with which the enemy's troops have taken possession of the country. The present Government has begun to repair in some measure the ancient fortifications; but, to say the truth, little or nothing has been done, though means have been found to make it believed at Constantinople, that these works have cost immense sums.'

Among the Baroness's travelling companions from Alexandria to Cairo, was an Abyssinian girl who had left her country in company with the daughter of the King of Abyssinia, her relative, who married a servant of Lord Valentia's at the time of his Lordship's travels in that country. This Englishman, after several years' residence in Abyssinia, had



gone with his wife to Alexandria, where they had both lately died, leaving this young girl, their heiress, under the protection of the English Consul. The Baroness does not appear to have gained much information respecting that nation. She speaks of their piquing themselves upon a 'kind of orthodoxy' which induces them obstinately to refuse listening to the Roman Catholic missionaries; not being aware of the deep rooted sense of injury, as well as aversion, towards both the Greek Melchites and the Latins, which is hereditary in the African churches. 'We were told,' she adds,

'that some who had attempted to enter their country for the purpose of spreading their doctrines have been crucified. It is probable that they do not ill-treat the Protestant missionaries sent out by the London Bible Society: their mode of worship is said to approach more nearly to the simplicity of the first ages of the church.'

Our Authoress had the courage to penetrate into the mysterious recesses of the great pyramid of Cheops; but we are disappointed at finding the only information respecting that of Sakkara conveyed in a brief note. The entrance to this pyramid was discovered by the Baron. It

'contains a great number of passages and corridors, and several chambers, in the walls of which were incrustated convex pieces of porcelain of various colours, which, when seen by torch-light, must have a pretty effect. There are also hieroglyphics above several doors, a circumstance which has not hitherto been remarked in the other Pyramids. The largest of these chambers, the walls of which were blackened by the smoke of the torches, contained, instead of a sarcophagus, a small sanctuary, formed of several blocks of stone, placed one upon another, into which a man could easily enter, and from which the voice of the oracle was probably made to issue. It is to be regretted, that the sand of the desert blocked up the entrance to this Pyramid a short time after the operations which my husband had caused to be undertaken there. Five-and-twenty Arabs had worked there during two-and-twenty days. In order to reach the interior, they were obliged to descend into a well fifty feet deep. This passage was extremely dangerous; for, a short time after my husband first went down, the side of the well fell in, and it was so choked up, that it took more than eight days to clear it again. If any persons had been inside of the Pyramid at such a moment, they must have perished by a cruel death.' p. 82, note.

The discovery of hieroglyphics in the pyramids, if we may depend upon the accuracy of the statement, is a circumstance of high interest; since these stupendous monuments have generally been supposed to be the work of a foreign dynasty, and the absence of the hieratic symbols has been accounted for on this ground.

The Thebaid was the retreat of the persecuted Jacobites in the reign of Justinian and his successors, and here, the spirit of St. Anthony still animates the Coptic monks. The following anecdote is not uninteresting, though too much is made of it. It was told by Dr. Ricci to the Baroness.

‘ Desirous of visiting Upper Egypt, I some years since accepted the offer of an English gentleman to accompany him thither. I had been struck, like you, by the singular form of these rocks, when my attention was attracted by a new object. I saw on their summit a man, who descended, by the means of a rope, with inconceivable agility; he soon disappeared, and afterwards throwing himself into the river, came up to our boat to ask alms for his convent. It was one of these Coptic monks, who came as usual, to implore the charity of those who passed by. The great address with which the man had made his descent, and some questions which we put to him relative to his convent, having excited our curiosity, we rowed towards the shore; and following our guide, who took the same steep and narrow path, cut in the rock, by which he had come down, we arrived, not without much difficulty, at the top, from which we discovered an immense horizon. At our feet the Nile, on the banks of which were many verdant spots, flowed in the distance through the fertile plains of the province of Minieh. Numerous villages, with their palm groves, and herds of buffaloes and flocks of goats, scattered over the plains, and the rich vegetation of this country, presented the most pleasing and diversified scene. What a contrast struck us as we looked towards the spot which we had first reached. Blocks of stone, detached and scattered here and there over a desert of sand, extending further than the eye could reach, presented an image of chaos; the hand of man had never attempted to change this barren tract into a fruitful soil: and it is probable, that such an attempt would have proved vain. We then perceived a wretched hut, which the monk pointed out to us as his dwelling, situated in the midst of a small cemetery; and this convent, which resembled most other monasteries in nothing but its elevated position, did not appear to us at all calculated to inspire a love of retirement. Having satisfied our curiosity, we were going to quit this place, which had so little to recommend it, when we suddenly heard some words spoken in the beautiful language of Petrarch and Tasso. We turned to the side from which the voice proceeded, and saw an old man, whose lofty and majestic stature had not been bent with age, and who, introducing himself to us as the prior of the convent, invited us in the most polite terms to enter and rest ourselves. Extremely surprised at meeting, under the coarse habit of a Coptic monk, with a man familiar with the language and customs of Europe, we accepted his invitation, and sat down on a stone bench; our host and three other monks, the only inmates of the convent, immediately set before us some dates, and bread, still quite warm, which they had just baked in the ground between two stones, according to the manner of the country.

‘ Meanwhile, I attentively surveyed the singular and surprising individual whom we had so unexpectedly met with in this desert place. A long silver beard descended in curls upon his breast; his eyes had retained all the fire and vivacity of youth, yet there was in his looks something gloomy, and expressive of profound melancholy; his features were dignified and regular; his mouth, which seemed as if it never smiled, diminished the effect of his fine countenance, which might have been compared to a beautiful northern landscape, deprived, by a misty atmosphere, of the effects of light and of the brilliant tints of the south. Being no longer able to repress the interest, or rather the curiosity which I felt, I ventured with some hesitation, to ask him some questions on his situation, and the reasons that could have induced him to adopt it, adding, that Egypt could certainly not be his native country. A transient expression of melancholy overspread his countenance, and being sensible of my indiscretion, I begged him to pardon my curiosity, in consideration of the interest I felt for him. He replied, that there was nothing particular in his history to merit the attention of any body; that he was a Roman by birth, and that being the youngest of his family, his parents had educated him for the ecclesiastical profession, for which he had a decided aversion; that flying from the paternal roof, he passed the greater part of his life among infidels, whose faith he had even embraced; that the death of an adored being had made him sensible of the enormity of his faults and his errors; and that, determined to pass the remainder of his life in penitence, he had chosen this wild and desert spot to end his days. He thus concluded his short narrative, and turning his eyes towards the cemetery, added: Port of the wretched! the only refuge against the storms of life, why dost thou not present thyself to the imagination of men, when, agitated by tumultuous passions and unbridled desires, they act as if their life were without limit, and their afflictions without end; whereas, every thing tends towards thee, and the remembrance of the good we may have done in this world, alone accompanies us into the next, and survives our death! Moved by these words, and the expression which accompanied them, we took leave of the venerable old man, who gave us his blessing on our departure. Nine months after, on my return from Upper Egypt, being desirous of once more seeing the Cophtic prior, I took the road to his convent; as I approached, one of the monks perceiving me, pointed to a fresh grave. He had ceased to suffer.’ pp. 20—6.

An indifferent portrait of the present King of Egypt, Mahomed Ali, is prefixed to the volume. It seems that that worthy successor of the Pharoahs and Ptolemies is by birth a countryman of the great Founder of Alexandria: he was born at Cavalla in Macedonia.



Art. VI. *Sermons on various Subjects.* By the late Rev. John Hyatt, one of the Ministers of Tottenham-Court Chapel, and the Tabernacle, London. To which is prefixed, a Memoir of the Author, by the Rev. John Morison, of Brompton. 8vo. London, 1826.

THE respected Author of these sermons having been, for upwards of twenty years, one of the most popular and useful ministers in the metropolis, such a volume as that before us, containing a memoir of his life, and a selection from his MS. sermons, seems a very proper mark of respect for departed worth. Independently of those circumstances that would give a temporary interest to this publication, it exhibits an instructive outline of character and specimen of faithful preparation for the pulpit, such as we seldom meet with in so small a compass. To the numerous congregations to whom he used to officiate, and especially to the many individuals now living, who were among the seals of his ministry, these sermons will be peculiarly acceptable. They present so lively a portrait of the Author, that, on perusing every discourse, the reader is ready to exclaim, 'You see the man! you see his hold on heaven.'

Being posthumous, the sermons are not, of course, so free from minor defects of style as the Author himself could have made them; and we commend the forbearance of the Editor, since what might have been gained in smoothness, would have been lost in originality. We can, however, cordially recommend them to theological students and our junior brethren in the ministry, as strongly characterized by evangelical sentiment and forcible expression, equally removed from the feeble and turgid style of some, and the coarse and vulgar phraseology of others. Mr. H. "used great plainness of speech," and upon all occasions, his language was marked by a fervour and unction which well become 'the messenger of truth to guilty man.'

Mr. H., it appears, had to make his way against many discouragements resulting from a defective education and other circumstances, which, to a mind less ardent than his own, would have appeared insurmountable. To this part of his history, the judicious writer of the "memoir" refers in the following appropriate terms:—

'Amidst all his disadvantages, however, his "profiting appeared to all men." By the diligent study of the Scriptures, as well as by daily attention to the writings of the Old English Divines, he became, even when in business, "A scribe well-instructed in the mysteries of the kingdom." So acceptable were his labours, that he was invited

to settle at more places than one. Mr. Hyatt, in fact, was one of the few men whose natural talents raise them superior to most of the inconveniences attendant upon a defective education, and which elevate them to more even than the rank of many who have been well and regularly instructed. Such men as Andrew Fuller and John Hyatt are not to be judged of by the rules which apply to ordinary minds. The natural *acuteness* of the one, and the dauntless *energy* of the other, were of more value than many teachers.'

Respecting the success of his ministry, the following testimony from the pen of his venerable colleague, is alike honourable to the writer, and to the subject of it.

' He (Mr. Hyatt) was a highly-favoured servant of Christ in our connection. From our mode of admitting members to church-fellowship, I was furnished with the means of assuring myself that his ministry was *more instrumental in the conversion of sinners, than that of all the other preachers who have statedly or occasionally occupied our pulpits.* To me he was indeed a brother beloved, and I can add, that during a period of *more than twenty years*, in which he was my coadjutor, an angry word or look was never exchanged. His death, though to himself unspeakable gain, has proved a heavy affliction to our churches, and to none heavier than to your's in our common Lord.

(Signed)

' M. WILKS.'

It is, however, difficult for erring man to avoid extremes; and few have at all times walked "in the *midst* of the paths of judgement." We admire the zeal and fidelity with which Mr. H. was wont to aim at the consciences of those who heard him; yet we question whether, in the following paragraph, the allusions are not more personal and pointed than could be requisite for the purposes of fidelity, and whether they are not adapted to divert the attention of the innocent, rather than to carry correction to the minds of the guilty. Much as we admire plainness, we think that, in most cases, a preacher might make himself sufficiently intelligible without the use of *party names*; and that, of all subjects, he has reason to distrust, and to suppress his own opinion respecting the *motives* by which those were influenced who may have, from various causes, discontinued their attendance upon his ministry.

In Sermon II., entitled 'The certain disclosure of Sin,' there occurs the following passage:

' There are others who make a public profession of religion for the purpose of forming advantageous connections in the way of business. They become regular attendants upon the ministry of the gospel, and appear to be truly devout, and having acquired the pronunciation of the Shibboleth of the sect, and the watch-word of the party, they succeed in deceiving many of the humble and unsuspecting friends of Christ. If forming a connection with another denomina-

tion of professing Christians, holds out a promise of greater worldly advantage, they soon contrive to find a plausible excuse for renouncing their former connection and joining a new one, and rather than not succeed in their mercenary object, they will submit to the requisition of being immersed in water. They can easily become Anabaptists (Baptists) or Pædobaptists, Calvinists or Arminians, High Church or Low Church, indeed any thing for money. Such characters we have known. We have not drawn a fancy picture, and that, perhaps, some of our hearers well know. From the most unholy motives, some have professed the holy religion of Jesus Christ.

' Now as we are resolved to deal faithfully with our hearers, we ask—Are there none in this congregation who live in the secret practice of sin under the guise of professed discipleship to Christ? Are there none who profess religion to gain worldly advantage? Are there none who have obtained tickets of admission to the Lord's table, only to obtain a few shillings of the collections that are made for the serious poor? Are none of our young hearers acting the part of the hypocrite with a view to forming matrimonial connections? Be not surprised at such questions as these; such things are common in the present day. We know much more of the artifices of mankind *now*, than we once knew. Deception is the aim of thousands who profess an ardent attachment to religion. To every individual in this assembly, who is conscious that he is living in any way of sin, though it be the most secret, we fearlessly say—"Be assured your sin will find you out." '

Upon the whole, we consider the strain of these discourses so truly excellent, and so well calculated to promote the interests of evangelical piety and practical godliness, that we most earnestly wish they may be extensively read. In our opinion, they deserve a place on the same shelf with Mr. Jay's "Short Discourses," and Mr. Burder's Village Sermons, &c.; and where it is usual (owing to the paucity of living preachers) to read a sermon on the sabbath evening, we feel persuaded that the friends of religion could not present a more acceptable gift than this volume would prove to a village library.

That our readers may judge for themselves of their adaptation to this purpose, we transcribe the following extract, which happened to be the first that presented itself when we opened the book. The sermon is entitled "*Ministerial Fidelity*:" the text is Jer. vi. 10. "To whom shall I speak and give warning that they may hear?" On which the Preacher forms the following plan:

' I. *We shall consider the circumstances which lead a faithful minister of Christ to adopt the words of the text.*

' II. *Let us observe the considerations by which the faithful minister of Jesus Christ is encouraged to persevere in giving warning.*

' Most devoutly do we wish that all our hearers were convinced



that the ardour and earnestness that we express in warning them of approaching danger, originated in the purest love to their immortal souls; but alas! many conclude otherwise. To such we may adopt the language of Paul, and say, "Am I therefore become your enemy because I tell you the truth?" Suppose an individual saw that you were in imminent danger of being crushed to death by the falling of a rock, or of being drowned by an inundation, or destroyed by the element of fire, would you consider his most earnest and vehement warning intrusive and unnecessary? Could you give him credit for possessing even the common feeling of humanity, if, instead of adopting every possible effort to expose to your view your alarming situation, he were with the greatest indifference to leave you to its ruinous consequence? My dear young friends, if to you we have sometimes appeared too severe and harsh when we presented to your view the vanity of all created things, the infinite value of the soul, and the indispensable necessity of an interest in the blood of atonement, believe us when we affirm, that we have been influenced so to address you, from the purest love to your souls. We wish you in early life to experience the blessedness of religion, and to testify with the godly in all ages, that "Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and that all her paths are paths of peace!"

'The possibility that success may attend our future efforts, constrains a faithful minister to persevere in giving mankind warning of their awful danger. Greatly distressed and discouraged as we are, on account of many to whom we have given warning, we cannot despair of their salvation, because we know not to whom the mercy of God may be extended. Probably God may be pleased to employ our feeble instrumentality to the conversion of the most hopeless, profane, and abandoned of our hearers. We may be privileged to see the most hardened heart, the most obdurate will subdued, and the most implacable enmity slain. Having the infinite compassion and illimitable power of Jehovah in our behalf, we will yield to no despondency, but, to the latest period of our lives, will warn you to flee from the wrath to come, and beseech you in Christ's stead to be reconciled to God. Looking to converted characters, we may say, "Such were some of you; but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified in the name of our Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God."

'Peradventure, this evening God may give some sinners "repentance to the acknowledging of the truth," and angels may hence have cause to tune their harps of praise. "Nothing is too hard for the Lord." The encouragement derived from this consideration induced your Preacher to study a discourse upon this subject, and the same thought has encouraged him to bring it before you upon this occasion. Ah! what should we have felt if, when ascending these stairs this evening, a voice from heaven had said, Warn these sinners no more! Let them alone; I have given them up to final judgment! Encourage them no more to hope in my mercy, for their doom is fixed! What horror would have pervaded the bosoms of those who have disobeyed the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ! With what

deep remorse would the consciously guilty have exclaimed, *Wo is me, for I am undone—eternally undone!* But blessed be God, such an awful annunciation has not been heard, and we may encourage the most sinful and abandoned to cherish hope in the mercy of God our Saviour. “Behold now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation.”

‘The certainty of meeting all our hearers at the final judgement, will constrain a faithful minister to persevere in giving warning to impenitent sinners. We are not accountable to our Lord and Master for the success of our efforts in studying and preaching the Gospel, but we are accountable to him for the fidelity with which we discharge the duties of our office. Let any one imagine himself occupying our station, and taking our situation at the last day, and many who heard us, coming forward to accuse us of unfaithfulness, and saying to this effect, “Cursed wretch, you professed to be a minister of Christ, and to instruct us in all things necessary to salvation; to you it belonged to have given us solemn warning;—but this duty you neglected—instead of faithfully warning us of approaching danger, you prophesied smooth things, and have thus been accessory to our destruction.” Now by the grace of God, we have resolved that a charge so heart-rending and woful shall not be alleged against us. We hope to confront all our hearers on the last day without fear or shame, and in the presence of an eternal Judge and an assembled world with boldness to say, “I shunned not to declare unto you the whole counsel of God.” Who is the individual in this assembly, that will be able to stand forward in that solemn period, and charge us with infidelity? Will the covetous man?—Will the licentious man?—Will the worldly man?—Will the swearer?—Will the adulterer?—Will the fornicator?—To our God and your conscience we can appeal, that we are free from the blood of all men. Ah! perhaps, perhaps—O I tremble at the thought—perhaps in this assembly there are some against whom we shall be compelled to witness at the judgement-seat of Christ. Will you, my fellow sinner, continue to despise the warning voice?—Will you continue to disregard the melodious accents of mercy?—Will you continue to follow a multitude to do evil? If so, however overwhelming may be the thought, we must establish our fidelity, and testify before an assembled universe, to your rebellion and impenitency. Let Christians adore and praise the God of infinite mercy, that they have been enabled to regard the warning voice, and to escape from the wrath to come. At the day of judgement, we shall meet you with indescribable joy and delight. Concerning many present we can say, “Ye are our joy, and will be our crown of rejoicing in the last great day.” Then, with inconceivable rapture we shall exclaim, “Here am I and the children which thou hast given me.” Then, in strains of which we can now form no adequate idea, we shall unitedly cry, “Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in his blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father, to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever.”—“For what is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at his coming? For ye are our glory and joy.” Even so, Amen.

Art. VII. *A Narrative of the Campaigns of the British Army at Washington and New Orleans, under Generals Ross, Pakenham, and Lambert, in the Years 1814 and 1815.* By the Author of 'The Subaltern.' 8vo. pp. 377. Price 12s. London. 1826.

**T**HERE is something in the very idea of war and variance between Great Britain and the States of North America, that excites in our minds a strange emotion of almost superstitious horror. Allied as we are in the dearest and closest relationships of man's social nature—our blood, our language, our laws, both generically and specifically the same—why cannot our political and commercial alliance be equally and inviolably intimate? Are the rancour and antipathy consequent on the war of emancipation, never to die? and are we, the descendants in the second remove, to hold each other in abhorrence, because our grandfathers referred a deadly quarrel to the arbitrement of the sword? That was a disastrous season, when the second American war came to revive the heart-burnings and fierce rivalries of the first; and we fear that the feelings of jealousy and mutual defiance then aroused, are not likely to subside until they have provoked a deadlier and more decisive hostility. There seems, too, a fatality about these contests with, we had well nigh said, our fellow-countrymen. Nothing could be more miserably managed than the earlier conflict, excepting the recent struggle. The errors of Howe and Clinton were immeasurably outdone by the unrivalled blundering of Sir George Prevost; and the ineffective system of his employers, deprived them of all right to complain of his timid and indecisive strategy.

The Americans, however, have claimed for themselves a great deal more than they are entitled to, on the score of naval and military superiority. Their victories by sea were, in almost every instance, gained by a broadside weight of metal, against which our more lightly armed frigates had no adequate means of resistance; and their advantages by land were neither of a character nor on a scale to occupy a distinguished station in any other annals than their own. We have, we confess, felt pain in observing the overweening tendencies of our transatlantic brethren, when their national exploits were in question: and in few instances have these dispositions been more offensively apparent, than in nearly all their historical narratives of the late war. Skirmishes, that would have scarcely found a place in the official records of continental warfare, are swelled into actions of transcendent importance; and movements of perfect insignificance are placed on a level with the ablest manœuvres of the most profound strategists and tac-



ticians. One native writer has seriously placed the successful defence of the entrenchments of New Orleans in comparison with 'the battles of Cressy and Agincourt : ' and a Mr. Wright, member of Congress for Maryland, while addressing the House of Representatives on the subject of the war, recommended that whoever should, on that floor, be alluding to 'Roman valour, would be considered as speaking of the *second* degree, 'and not of the *first*.' Still more absurd than even this, is the anger which we have heard expressed by enlightened Americans, against Englishmen, for believing their own official statements, in preference to those of their enemy. It was vain to remonstrate on the unreasonableness of the requisition, which was maintained with too much positiveness to admit of argument, and too much irritation to allow even a good-natured smile. They have their histories of the late war, some of them exceedingly popular, but, if we may judge of them by the specimens we have seen, full of exaggeration. So far as we know, the only complete work on the subject published in this country, is Mr. James's 'Full and Correct Account,' in two volumes 8vo ; a publication highly valuable for research and documentary evidence, but occasionally manifesting an injurious tendency to sarcasm and ridicule.

The 'narrative' before us is exceedingly interesting. The book is written with spirit and talent, without partiality or exaggeration, but, apparently, with a simple anxiety to give a clear and lively exhibition of events and circumstances as they occurred within the Writer's immediate cognizance. He mixes, in a very agreeable way, what may be termed the domestic scenes of warfare, with details more strictly military. We accompany him on the march, share the hut, the tent, the bivouac, join in the skirmish and the battle, with him and his gallant comrades : in short, he gives us a picture of a soldier's life that is somewhat too much calculated to kindle a dangerous ambition, and to stimulate the young and ardent to a doubtful and hazardous career. He must, we imagine, have been a gallant and accomplished officer, with much of the raw material out of which heroes are made, and bidding fair, with favourable opportunities and unimpaired limbs, to work his way upwards to the head of armies. But, though enthusiastic in his attachment to the soldier's life, he had no relish for home-quarters and the mere duties of drill and parade. Peace came, and he resigned ; passing, if our information be correct, from the eager pursuit of military honour and advancement, to the peaceable discharge of clerical duties.

The 'Narrative' commences with a partial repetition of descriptions previously given at the close of the 'Subaltern ; ' a

volume which we should have noticed ere now, but for the circumstance that it had been originally made public through the medium of a popular periodical. It will be enough to state, of the latter work, that it contains a most animated description of the later events, commencing with the siege and storming of St. Sebastian's, of the war in Spain and the south of France. All that refers to these transactions, in the present volume, we shall at once pass over, and touch but slightly on all that occurs previously to the landing on the American coast. The regiment to which our Author belonged, was ordered from the Garonne to the Chesapeake, and sailed on the 2d of June, 1814. The voyage is pleasantly described. The Azores afford opportunity for some good painting; they have, however, been so often exhibited in this way, that we shall take in preference, the following sketch of the Bermudas.

‘ To reach St. George's, the capital of the colony, you are obliged to row, for several miles, up a narrow frith called the ferry, immediately on entering which the scenery becomes in the highest degree picturesque. Though still retaining its character of low, the ground, on each side, looks as if it were broken into little swells, the whole of them beautifully shaded with groves of cedar, and many of them crowned with country houses, as white as the drifted snow. But the fact is, that this appearance of hill and dale is owing to the prodigious number of islands which compose the cluster, there being in all, according to vulgar report, not fewer than three hundred and sixty-five, of which the largest exceeds not seven or eight miles in diameter. Yet it is only when you follow what at first you are inclined to mistake for a creek, or the mouth of a river, that you discover the want of valleys between these hills; and even then, you are more apt to fancy yourself upon the bottom of a lake studded with islets, than steering amid spots of earth which stand, each of them distinct, in the middle of the Atlantic ocean. There is something bewitchingly pretty, for pretty is perhaps the most appropriate epithet I could use, in every one of the many views which you may obtain from different points. The low and elegant cedar, the green, short turf, the frequent recurrence of the white and dazzling rock, the continual rise and fall of the numerous small islands, but above all, the constant intermingling of land and water, seem more like a drawing of fairy-land, than a reality.’

The armament which rendezvoused in the Chesapeake, included twenty sail of ships of war and about four thousand troops; an amount which, in the Peninsula, would have been considered as only constituting a brigade, but in the present instance, passed as ‘ an army formidable for its numbers as well as discipline.’ The landing was effected without opposition on the banks of the river. Patuxent, with a corps of about four thousand five hundred men, including sailors, divided into three brigades, the whole under the command of General Ross.

The immediate object of the debarkation appears to have been the destruction of Commodore Barney's gunboats; but subsequent events changed an inferior and incidental movement into a series of leading and important transactions. The nature of the ground over which the army had to move, was such as to afford great advantages to a defending force. Woods and defiles presented themselves at every step; the former might have been filled with sharp shooters, since every American is expert with the rifle; and in the latter, militia might have made an effective stand against regular troops. Nothing of all this was done, and the scientific disposition of the British commander answered no purpose but that of displaying his own prudence and skill. The third day's march closed at the village of Marlborough. During the night, a number of 'heavy explosions' announced the destruction of the flotilla, 'prudently destroyed' by the discretion of its commodore, according to our author's statement, but, in the language of the American general Wilkinson, 'unfortunately abandoned and blown up by order of President Madison,' although in a situation highly favourable for defence. The same officer expresses the strongest indignation at the negligence which had given to the English troops the advantage of an unobstructed march. 'Not a single bridge,' he writes, 'was broken, not a causeway destroyed, not an inundation attempted, not a tree fallen, not a rood of the road obstructed, nor a gun fired at the enemy, in a march of nearly forty miles, from Benedict to Upper Marlborough, by a route on which there are ten or a dozen difficult defiles; which, with a few hours' labour, six pieces of light artillery, three hundred infantry, two hundred riflemen, and sixty dragoons, might have been defended against any force that could approach them: such is the narrowness of the road, the profundity of the ravines, the steepness of the acclivities, and the sharpness of the ridges.'

The main object of the incursion having thus been accomplished, it was determined, at the suggestion of Admiral Cockburn, to advance on the capital of the United States, now at only a few miles distance. The enemy had shewn so little disposition to close quarters, that the English commanders felt themselves justified in presuming further on his inefficiency. A much more decided resistance, however, now began. Riflemen harassed the van, and a strong body of troops with artillery, made demonstration of more serious opposition; but it was not until the following day that the Americans made their final stand. It was about mid-day when the British column, fainting with heat and fatigue, came in sight of their position behind a branch of the Potomac, and in rear of the little town of Bla-



densburg. The front and left flank were covered by the river, and their right rested on a dense wood and a deep ravine. Little generalship was displayed in the attack, and less spirit in the defence. The Americans stood in three lines, doubling the number of the assailants, but consisting chiefly of militia. They had twenty pieces of artillery in the field, some of which swept the bridge of Bladensburg and its main approaches, along and over which the light brigade, through a murderous discharge, rushed to the attack. It was irresistible, and the enemy was borne back upon his second line, which, in its turn, advanced upon the light brigade, weakened by an excessive, though necessary, extension of its line. In the mean time, the second brigade had crossed the bridge, and deploying on the right, turned the left flank of the Americans, and drove it upon the centre. All was now defeat and confusion; the victory was with the British, and the road to Washington lay open before them. Our Author is somewhat indignant with his antagonists for suffering the matter to be so easily settled. Their position was strong, notwithstanding the error committed in not holding the town; and attacked as they were in their strongest point, 'had they conducted themselves with coolness and resolution, it is not conceivable how the day could have been won.' With the exception of Barney and his sailors, 'no troops could behave worse than they did.' On our side, the gallantry of officers and men was conspicuous; but General Ross seems to have relied more on the effects of an immediate attack on raw troops, than on the advantages to be gained by science and skill. The column of march was hurried on to the charge without waiting to close its ranks; and no attempt was made to discover a ford by which the destructive passage of the bridge might have been avoided. It was afterwards ascertained, that the stream might have been crossed at a point near the extremity of the enemy's left. The author's military criticisms on the battle, are summed up in the following words:—

'Of the personal courage of the Americans, there can be no doubt: they are, individually taken, as brave a nation as any in the world. But they are not soldiers; they have not the experience nor the habits of soldiers. It was the height of folly, therefore, to bring them into a situation where nothing except that experience and those habits will avail: and it is on this account that I repeat what I have already said, that the capture of Washington was more owing to the faults of the Americans themselves, than to any other cause.'

This opinion may be substantially correct, but it is, we apprehend, erroneous in that part which assigns 'folly' to the

determination to fight. It would have been disgrace indelible, to have given up Washington without an effort to save it; but in the loss of the battle there was nothing ignominious. Raw troops and inexperienced leaders can have no confidence in each other; and in the hour of trial, nothing can be more fatal than such an absence of trust. The foundation of firmness and valorous effort is taken away. There can be no energy in fight, no self-possession in retreat: no wonder, then, that *saute qui peut* is the last, or rather the first, resource.

The next marking event in the campaign was the march on Baltimore. The Writer describes his feelings, previously to the landing, in very striking language.

‘No man, of the smallest reflection, can look forward to the chance of a sudden and violent death, without experiencing sensations very different from those which he experiences under any other circumstances. When the battle has fairly begun, I may say with truth, that the feelings of those engaged are delightful; because they are, in fact, so many gamblers playing for the highest stake that can be offered. But the stir and noise of equipping, and then the calmness and stillness of expectation, these are the things which force a man to think. On the other hand, the warlike appearance of every thing about you, the careless faces and rude jokes of the private soldiers, and something within yourself, which I can compare to nothing more nearly than the mirth which criminals are said sometimes to experience and to express previous to their execution; all these combine to give you a degree of false hilarity, I had almost said painful, from its very excess. It is an agitation of the nerves, such as we may suppose madmen feel; which you are inclined to wish removed, though you are unwilling to admit that it is disagreeable.’

No opposition was made to the debarkation, and, for a considerable distance, the road was unimpeded; but at length, a sharp fire of musketry announced that the enemy had thrown forward his skirmishers.

‘We were now drawing near the scene of action, when another officer came at full speed towards us, with horror and dismay in his countenance, and calling aloud for a surgeon. Every man felt within himself that all was not right, though none was willing to believe the whispers of his own terror. But what at first we could not guess at, because we dreaded it so much, was soon realized; for the aide-de-camp had scarcely passed, when the general’s horse, without its rider, and with the saddle and housings stained with blood, came plunging onwards. Nor was much time given for fearful surmise, as to the extent of our misfortune. In a few moments we reached the ground where the skirmishing had taken place, and beheld poor Ross laid, by the side of the road, under a canopy of blankets, and apparently in the agonies of death. As soon as the firing began, he had ridden to the front, that he might ascertain from whence it originated,

and mingling with the skirmishers, was shot in the side by a rifleman. The wound was mortal: he fell into the arms of his aide-de-camp, and lived only long enough to name his wife, and commend his family to the protection of his country. He was removed towards the fleet, but expired before his bearers could reach the boats.

It is impossible to conceive the effect which this melancholy spectacle produced throughout the army. By the courteousness and condescension of his manners, General Ross had secured the absolute love of all who served under him, from the highest to the lowest; and his success on a former occasion, as well as his judicious arrangements on the present, had inspired every one with the most perfect confidence in his abilities. His very error, if error it may be called, in so young a leader—I mean that diffidence in himself, which had occasioned some loss of time on the march to Washington, appeared now to have left him. His movements were at once rapid and cautious; nay, his very countenance indicated a fixed determination and a perfect security of success. All eyes were turned upon him as we passed, and a sort of involuntary groan ran from rank to rank, from the front to the rear of the column.

It was, assuredly, the greatest fault that ever the gallant Ross committed, when he threw himself amid the fire of sharpshooters. When Bessieres, with much better excuse, mingled in the affray of skirmishers, and fell by a chance shot, Napoleon, while pronouncing his eulogy as a brave and accomplished officer, censured the rashness and uselessness of such exposures in the instance of commanders. There are cases, no doubt, in which it becomes the duty of a general to hazard his person. The most consummate leaders have done it,—Cæsar at Munda; Gustavus Adolphus at Lützen; Eugene at Luzzara; Bonaparte at Arcole; and Wellington at Waterloo. But here, not the shadow of necessity existed, and the life of an excellent officer was lost without a palliating plea. The disastrous effects of this casualty were felt severely. Colonel Brooke, the second in command, is described as ‘an officer of decided personal courage, but, perhaps, better calculated to lead a battalion, than to guide an army.’ The battle that followed was better contested than the affair of Bladensburg. The American line was not shaken either by the musquetry or the artillery, and did not give way until the bayonet was laid in the rest.

‘As soon as their left gave way, the whole American army fell into confusion; nor do I recollect on any occasion to have witnessed a more complete rout. Infantry, cavalry, and artillery, were huddled together, without the smallest regard to order or regularity. The sole subject of anxiety seemed to be, which should escape first from the field of battle; insomuch that numbers were actually trodden down by their countrymen in the hurry of the flight.’



'In strolling over the field of battle, I came unexpectedly upon a wounded American, who lay among some bushes with his leg broken. I drew near to offer him assistance, but, on seeing me, the wretch screamed out, and appeared in the greatest alarm; nor was it without some difficulty that I could persuade him he had nothing to fear. At last, being convinced that I intended him no harm, the fellow informed me, that it was impressed upon the minds of their soldiers by the officers, that from the British they might expect no quarter; and that it was consequently their determination to give no quarter to the British. The fellow might belie his countrymen, and I hope and believe he did, but such was his report to me.'

The army, on the following day, came in sight of the lines of Baltimore, defended by from 15 to 20,000 men and a large train of artillery. To attack these in front, would have been exposing the assailants to tremendous slaughter, and it was determined to carry Fort M'Henry, a fortification on the extreme left of the entrenchments, and close to the bank of the river on which the city stands. It was, however, necessary that the guns of the fort should be silenced by the fire of the shipping; and here, so many difficulties, both natural and artificial, were found to be interposed, that the large ships could not get up. It is intimated by Mr. James, that the admiral called off the bomb-ships without necessity, and that an offer was made to him, by several captains of frigates, to lighten their vessels and lay them alongside the batteries, but refused. Be this as it may, the enterprise was abandoned, and the troops reached, unpursued and unharassed, the point whence they commenced their advance. On the return march, while passing the ground where the battle had been fought,

'I saw,' observes the Author, 'several men hanging lifeless among the branches of trees, and learnt that they had been riflemen, who chose, during the battle, to fix themselves in these elevated situations, for the combined purposes of securing a good aim, and avoiding danger. Whatever might be their success in the first of these designs, in the last they failed; for our men soon discovered them, and, considering the thing as *unfair*, refused to give them quarter, and shot them on their perches.'

The death of General Ross seemed to have broken up the plan of operation, whatever it might be: the fleet separated, and that portion to which the Author was attached, anchored in the Patuxent. Here the officers were in the habit of making excursions in different directions, heedless of the danger to which they were exposing themselves.

'On one of these occasions, several officers from the 85th regiment agreed to pass a day together at a farm-house, about a quarter of a mile from the stream; and taking with them ten soldiers, unarmed, to row the boat, a few sailors, and a young midshipman, not more than twelve years of age, they proceeded to put their determination into

practice. Leaving the men under the command of their youthful pilot, to take care of the boat, the officers went on to the house, but had not been there above an hour, when they were alarmed by a shout which sounded as if it came from the river. Looking out, they beheld their party surrounded by seventy or eighty mounted riflemen; the boat dragged upon the beach, and set on fire. Giving themselves up for lost, they continued, for an instant, in a sort of stupor; but the master of the house, to whom some kindness had been shown by our people, proved himself grateful, and letting them out by a back door, directed them to hide themselves in the wood, while he should endeavour to turn their pursuers on a wrong scent. As they had nothing to trust to except the honour of this American, it cannot be supposed that they felt much at ease; but seeing no better course before them, they resigned themselves to his guidance, and plunging into the thicket, concealed themselves as well as they could among the under-wood. In the mean time, the American soldiers, having secured all that were left behind, except the young midshipman, who fled into the wood in spite of the fire, divided into two bodies, one of which approached the house, while the other endeavoured to overtake the brave boy. It so chanced that the party in pursuit passed close to the officers in concealment, but, by the greatest good fortune, did not observe them. They succeeded, however, in catching a glimpse of the midshipman, just as he had gained the water's edge, and was pushing off a light canoe which he had loosened from the stump of a tree. The barbarians immediately gave chase, firing at the brave lad, and calling out to surrender; but the gallant youth paid no attention either to their voices or their bullets. Launching his little bark, he put to sea with a single paddle, and, regardless of the showers of balls which fell about him, returned alone and unhurt to the ship.

\* While one party was thus employed, the other hastened to the house in full expectation of capturing the officers. But their host kept his word with great fidelity, and having directed his countrymen towards another farm-house at some distance from his own, and in an opposite quarter from where his guests lay, he waited till they were out of sight, and then joined his new friends in their concealment. Bringing with him such provisions as he could muster, he advised them to keep quiet till dark, when, their pursuers having departed, he conducted them to the river, supplied them with a large canoe, and sent them off in perfect safety to the fleet.

\* On reaching their ship, they found the 85th regiment under arms, and preparing to land, for the purpose of either releasing their comrades from captivity, or inflicting exemplary punishment upon the farmer by whose treachery it was supposed that they had suffered. But when the particulars of his behaviour were related, the latter alternative was at once abandoned; and it was determined to force a dismissal of the captives, by advancing up the country, and laying waste every thing with fire and sword. The whole of the light brigade was accordingly carried on shore, and halted on the beach, whilst a messenger was sent forward to demand back the prisoners. Such, however, was the effect of his threatening, that the demand was

at once complied with, and they returned on board without having committed any ravages, or marched above two miles from the boats.'

At length, the fleet left the Chesapeake for Jamaica. On the voyage, our Author had an opportunity of seeing a 'picture in little' of a sea-fight; the Volcano bomb-ship, on board of which he had embarked, having been attacked by a privateer, which, after a few broadsides, failing in an attempt to board, escaped by superior sailing. The scenery of Jamaica, the fire-flies, and the Maroons, supply materials for interesting description; and its slavery, for a string of miserable and cold-hearted common-places about the happiness of the negroes, and their incapacity for any thing higher than the life they actually lead. Just as if all this, if it were as true as it is disgustingly false, gave their fellow-creatures the right to treat them as mere draught-animals. We are told that, when manumitted, they ask to be made slaves again—'*they beg, as a favour, to be received once more into their original state of slavery.*' It is admitted that the slave

'may be beaten, and cannot resist; but he never is beaten, *unless he deserves it*: and to a man afflicted, or, if you please, ennobled by no fine feelings of honour, a beating produces no pain, EXCEPT WHAT MAY ARISE FROM THE STROKES THEMSELVES!'

After this, who can doubt the lawfulness of enslaving, and the felicity of slaves? and who will venture to question the 'fine feelings' and the Christian temper of this exquisite moralist?

New Orleans was now the point of destination, and the principal casualty of the voyage consisted in the very extraordinary taste of an inhabitant—not an alderman most certainly—of the Grand Cayman, who brought off a boat-load of 'fine turtle,' which he exchanged, at fifty per cent. discount, for salt pork. We despair of comprising within contracted limits, what the Writer before us has failed to make clear with time and space *ad libitum*; and we shall therefore refer our readers to the map and the gazetteer for the more distinct definition of the natural difficulties which bar the approach to New Orleans. Swamps and shallow lakes make its climate destructive, but add greatly to its means of military defence. The first contract the approaches, and the second are innavigable by ships of considerable draught. Such, in fact, are altogether the intricacy and difficulty of the access, that the most precise information could alone have given certainty to the naval and military movements. It seems, however, that, whether from error or treachery, the intelligence given was completely erroneous; and a forward movement of the first



corps that landed, in expectation of a general rising in favour of the invaders, had nearly occasioned its complete destruction. The American general Jackson seems to have been an able and enterprising officer, and he had excellent advisers at hand. Humbert, the general who commanded the French division that landed in Ireland, was with him, and no doubt afforded him effective assistance. But his best allies were the mistakes of the assailants. In the first place, the point of attack appears to have been ill-chosen; and, secondly, had the English general, Keane, pushed forward more vigorously when he made his first questionable advance, he would have found New Orleans defenceless. The final and crowning error lay in the fatal gallantry which led the intrepid Pakenham to persist in the attack of Jackson's lines, after the disorganization of his force through the misconduct of Colonel Mullens. We have neither space nor inclination for the details of this miserable business, but we shall make room for the Writer's description of the commencement of the night-attack made by the Americans on the bivouac of General Keane.

'Darkness having set in, the fires were made to blaze with increased splendour, our evening meal was eaten, and we prepared to sleep. But about half-past seven o'clock, the attention of several individuals was drawn to a large vessel, which seemed to be stealing up the river till she came opposite to our camp; when her anchor was dropped, and her sails leisurely furled. At first, we were doubtful whether she might not be one of our own cruisers which had passed the port unobserved, and had arrived to render her assistance in our future operations. To satisfy this doubt, she was repeatedly hailed, but returned no answer; when, an alarm spreading through the bivouac, all thought of sleep was laid aside. Several musket-shots were now fired at her with the design of exacting a reply, of which no notice was taken; till at length, having fastened all her sails, and swung her broad-side towards us, we could distinctly hear some one cry out in a commanding voice, 'Give them this for the honour of America.' The words were instantly followed by the flashes of her guns, and a deadly shower of grape swept down numbers in the camp.

'Against this dreadful fire, we had nothing whatever to oppose. The artillery which we had landed was too light to bring into competition with an adversary so powerful; and as she had anchored within a short distance of the opposite bank, no musketry could reach her with any precision or effect. A few rockets were discharged, which made a beautiful appearance in the air; but the rocket is an uncertain weapon, and these deviated too far from their object to produce even terror among those against whom they were directed. Under these circumstances, as nothing could be done offensively, our sole object was to shelter the men as much as possible from this iron hail. With this view, they were commanded to leave the fires, and to hasten

under the dyke. Thither all, accordingly, repaired, without much regard to order and regularity, and laying ourselves along wherever we could find room, we listened in painful silence to the pattering of grape-shot among our huts, and to the shrieks and groans of those who lay wounded beside them.

'The night was now as dark as pitch, the moon being but young, and totally obscured with clouds. Our fires, deserted by us, and beat about by the enemy's shot, began to burn red and dull, and, except when the flashes of those guns which played upon us cast a momentary glare, not an object could be distinguished at the distance of a yard. In this state we lay for nearly an hour, unable to move from our ground, or offer any opposition to those who kept us there; when a straggling fire of musketry called our attention towards the piquets, and warned us to prepare for a closer and more desperate strife. As yet, however, it was uncertain from what cause this dropping fire arose. It might proceed from the sentinels, who, alarmed by the cannonade from the river, mistook every tree for an American; and till this should be more fully ascertained, it would be improper to expose the troops, by moving any of them from the shelter which the bank afforded. But these doubts were not permitted to continue long in existence. The dropping fire having paused for a few moments, was succeeded by a fearful yell; and the heavens were illuminated on all sides by a semi-circular blaze of musketry. It was now clear that we were surrounded, and that by a very superior force; and, therefore, no alternative remaining, but, either to surrender at discretion, or to beat back the assailants.

'The first of these plans was never for an instant thought of; and the second was immediately put into force. Rushing from under the bank, the 85th and 95th flew to support the piquets, while the 4th, stealing to the rear of the encampment, formed close column, and remained as a reserve. But to describe this action, is altogether out of the question, for it was such a battle as the annals of modern warfare can hardly match. All order, all discipline were lost. Each officer, as he was able to collect twenty or thirty men round him, advanced into the middle of the enemy, when it was fought hand to hand, bayonet to bayonet, and sword to sword, with the tumult and ferocity of one of Homer's combats.' pp. 283—287.

Throughout the whole of this transaction, there was no opportunity for manœuvring on a grand scale. Excepting the night-attack on the British advance, in which he failed, General Jackson did nothing more than command an army that defended a parapet too lofty to be carried but by escalade. Having repelled the enemy, he was satisfied, and made no attempt to harass the retreat. Yet it is for such an affair as this, that General Wilkinson claims the highest place of honour—'Mar-engo, Austerlitz, Leipsic, *New Orleans*, and *Waterloo*.'

Peace was concluded soon after this event; a hasty peace, which has left unadjusted all the causes of war, but which we

devoutly hope may be made complete and lasting by a spirit of mutual concession and courtesy. The Writer returned home soon afterwards, making a short sojourn, *in transitu*, at the Havannah.

Art. VIII. 1. *The Heart, with Odes, and other Poems.* By Percy Rolle. Fcap. 8vo. pp. 126. London. 1826.

2. *Poetical Illustrations of Passages of Scripture.* By Emily Taylor. Fcap 8vo. pp. 80. Price 2s. 6d. Wellington, 1826.

**T**HE first of these little publications belongs to a class of works which require, on the part of a Reviewer, kind and delicate handling,—the first essays of a young Author, who has embarked in the perilous adventure the whole capital of his intellectual substance, and trembling waits the breeze. Such volumes claim the critic's notice, not because they are of any importance to the public, but because they are of immense interest to the individual; and while ordinary readers will concern themselves merely with the obvious merits or demerits of the performance, the Reviewer has to exercise the functions of an augur, and to pronounce upon the talent which it indicates, and the promise it affords. The productions of boyhood cannot hope for more than to be praised and be forgotten; but much, as respects the future efforts and character of the young author, may depend upon the reception he meets with from those to whom he perhaps rashly but ingenuously appeals. Possibly, we may have been deemed, sometimes, too liberal of praise in noticing such productions; but a little praise given *in advance* in some instances, is not ill-bestowed; and we have seldom been deceived by the result. The chief danger is that of encouraging those who have been tolerably successful with a first publication, to take to versifying as a trade, and to carry their small wares to market as a regular source of profit, till they have written themselves down, or written themselves out, and are compelled to look out for some better employment. This abuse of critical lenity, however, ought by no means to harden us against the claims of youthful suppliants for fame, or render us unjust to real merit.

A modest advertisement to Mr. Rolle's volume apologises for the obvious inequality and juvenile character of his present performance, in terms which bespeak much good sense,—a more rare and hopeful quality, let us be permitted to say, in young poets, than much that passes for genius. His mind has evidently outgrown, already, his verse.

\*The Writer is aware that a sombrous expression of sentiment occasionally discovers itself in the following pages; but he hopes it



will never be found to degenerate into misanthropy. He is particularly anxious that this should not be ascribed to a desire on his part to participate in that fashion of affected gloom, which, originated by one of mighty endowments, has, of late years, too much prevailed. He has felt, in those moments of temporary depression of spirits which are incidental to all, more disposed to indulge his inclination to verse than at other seasons; and that his pieces should frequently have taken the hue of his feelings, is by no means extraordinary.'

Nor is it by any means extraordinary, that he should feel a wish to publish them, although this supplies no very strong reason for selecting the effusions of such morbid moods. But we hold it as a favourable sign, when a young writer begins to shake off the shackles of a servile imitation of some popular model, and shews himself able to form a sober and discriminating estimate of the genius which had once warmed and dazzled his boyish fancy. Our opinion of Lord Byron's poetry has been repeatedly given. Much of it is exquisitely and inimitably fine; but, like Thomson's and Young's, his style becomes insufferable in his imitators; and sentiments which, in him, were affectation or lordly spleen, are, in them, grimace and childishness. Mr. Rolle's volume, however, is free from every palpable fault of this kind. The first poem is obviously modelled upon Childe Harold; it is not, however, a servile imitation. It is a clever essay, and would have commanded commendation as a prize poem; it is, evidently, the Author's most serious and laboured effort, and it has served to supply a title to the volume. Yet, notwithstanding all this, the Author is, we make no doubt, aware ere this, that it is neither the best nor the most pleasing poem in the volume; that it is jejune and savours strongly of the morbid feelings of disconsolate seventeen. The following elegant little poem has a thousand times more 'heart' in it.

#### ' COWSLIPS.

' Favourites of my early hours,  
Still I love your golden flowers!  
Not the way-side primrose, pale,  
Shivering in the wintry gale;  
Not the daisy; no, nor yet,  
The sweet-scented violet,  
Though I love them each, can be  
Ever half as dear to me.

' Tales of olden time ye tell,  
Of the sweet-toned Sabbath bell,  
Heard, as through the mead we trod,  
To the distant house of God;—  
Of the brook in verdure lost—  
Of the rustic bridge we crost!—

Golden pathway—golden hours :  
Then my very thoughts were flowers !

‘ I remember, when the day  
Morning’s dew had dried away,  
I, one of an infant band,  
With an eager eye and hand,  
Sought and pluck’d your cluster’d bells  
In the shady woods and dells,  
Nor forgot that should be mine  
Fragrant tea and future wine.

‘ Days of infancy ! alas !  
Why do ye so quickly pass ?  
What would I relinquish now  
For that sunny eye and brow—  
For that meek and unwarp’d will—  
For that ignorance of ill,  
Which were mine at five years old,  
Ere life’s dark page was unrolled !

‘ Since I follow weightier things,  
Vanished are my spirit’s wings ;  
Cloudless is my heart no more,  
But with care all shadow’d o’er ;  
Never may it know again  
The pure joy that warm’d it then,  
When its highest hopes were crown’d—  
Hopes, a cowslip field could bound !’

‘ The Exile’s Return’ is, perhaps, altogether, the most successful poem in the volume ; and we shall give it entire. There are some faults in it, which we should not think it necessary to notice, if they were mere slips of the pen ; but, as they are imitated faults and studied slovenliness, we must warn our Author, that bad grammar and bad construction, such illicit versification as parts the verb and its preposition, tyrannically assigning them to separate lines, and still worse, which divides one sentence between two stanzas, leaving the last line of the one to struggle towards the first line of the next, like the severed parts of a worm under the gardener’s spade ;—such proceedings, we say, can never be legalized by precedent, or tolerated in any minor poet,

#### ‘ THE EXILE’S RETURN.

‘ My head hath whitened ’neath the orient sun,  
My heart is worn by many an hour of care ;  
At times I deemed my course was well nigh run,  
For it was mine in peril oft to share ;  
But from the hour my exile life begun,  
I had this hope to hold me from despair,  
That when long years were vanished, the same glen  
My boyhood knew, should know my steps again.

‘ Oft thought I of the cottage in that vale,  
 With green o’ergrown, and canopied by trees;  
 Where ne’er the songs of birds were known to fail,  
 And each bright day brought troops of humming bees  
 To the rich verdure mantling o’er the pale,  
 Sweet woodbine, mossy rose, and fragrant pease:—  
 Of her who was my all, and who is now—  
 But what she *is*, O ruthless grave, say thou!

‘ And of that pleasant bower where oft we met  
 When the close branches arbour’d us around,  
 So woven that they bade the pattering wet  
 A green defiance, and the sloping ground  
 Was clothed with furry mosses; flowers unset,  
 But springing wild were there; and not a sound  
 Could reach us, save the dying sobs and heaves  
 Of the light breeze, and rustling of the leaves.

‘ And I at last am here; the heavy sea  
 Is crost, its droning voice hath left my ear;  
 The self-same branches now wave over me  
 That in my days of infancy were dear;  
 Ah, my old comrades, when we parted, ye  
 Like me were in your spring—now both are sere;  
 Ye fade, but soon ye know returning bloom,  
 While I must fade into the wintry tomb!

‘ Here will I pause, on this, the very mound  
 Whence my sad eyes sent forth their last adieu  
 To my once happy home; each spot of ground  
 Is as I left it, fields and lanes I knew,  
 Are not, as I am, alter’d; *there* we found  
 Such heaps of violets,—*there* the hawthorn grew,  
 The tree my mother loved so—where is *she*?  
 Ah, my long tearless eyes, methinks in ye

‘ The long-sealed founts of other days gush forth;  
 The griefs of early years stalk from their grave  
 And haunt me like dark spirits;—can thy worth,  
 Thy fondness, be forgotten?—Yew-trees wave  
 With a sepulchral sadness o’er the earth  
 Where thou dost sleep; nor love nor health could save  
 Thee from an early tomb; we laid thee where  
 Yon lowly spire pierces the placid air.

‘ Stay thee an instant here, thou aged man!  
 Thy thin and frosty locks, methinks, do speak  
 Knowledge of by-gone years; why dost thou scan  
 My features thus with thy dim vision, bleak  
 With life’s most cold December; but, though wan,  
 And time-bleached from its hue may be thy cheek,  
 Methinks ’twas once familiar; aught canst tell  
 Of they who in yon bower of greenness dwell?



'Thou wilt not tell me so! my father dead,  
 And garner'd 'neath the church-yard hillock—there!  
 Brothers and kindred o'er the wide world spread!  
 And strangers in my birth-place! where, Oh where  
 Is, then, that old man's daughter? we were bred  
 Fond twins together; she was fond as fair;  
*Where* is my sister?—Do I rightly hear?  
 Then I have comfort yet if she be near;—

'Lead on, lead on, old man, for I may yet  
 Be blest, though mine no more that much-loved spot,  
 Where first my weeping eyes the day-light met;  
 Yet is each field, each tree a friend, which not  
 Time's billows sweep from my remembrance, set  
 There as in adamant, while all forgot  
 Many events and strange scenes that have passed  
 Before my eyes since I beheld them last.

'Art *thou* my sister?—*THOU*?—it cannot be!  
 Amelia's eye was bright, her cheek was fair,  
 Her step was springy, and her port was free,  
 And full and flowing waved her auburn hair;—  
 What is there of this character in *thee*?

*Thine* eye is dim, *thy* brow is worn with care,  
*Thou* hast a widow's garb, and that sad look  
 Tells thou'st a widowed heart;—when last I shook

'My sister's hand, and kissed her snowy brow,  
 She wept, and fast and free the big tears came;  
 Yes, her eyes gushed forth tears, as *thine* do now,  
 Yet even in weeping ye are not the same;  
 Hers was an exquisite woe, but not to bow  
 The spirit, not that settled, lifeless, tame,  
 Emotionless, and petrifying grief,  
 That knows not hope, and seeks not for relief.

'Is *this* the hour I sighed for—dreamt of—dwelt  
 On with a fond idolatry? is this  
 The meed of all I suffered—all I felt?—

My treasure of anticipated bliss?—  
 My heart! thy last rays into darkness melt,  
 Henceforth thou'rt but a cold and drear abyss!  
 Would I had perished 'neath the orient beam,  
 In the full faith of my long-cherished dream!' pp. 13—19.

Many of the songs appear to be written for favourite airs; a difficult task, in which few have succeeded. The lines entitled, 'Sad will I be no more,' are, we presume, *not* of this description: they are very touching and elegant. We sympathize with Mr. Rolle's fondness for the violet, but the 'bee' knows more about flowers and their chronology, than his poet does. We can make room for only one more specimen, and we believe the following will please ur readers.

‘ TEARS.

‘ Woman, I envy thee the tears  
 With which thy griefs are wash’d away,  
 And quench’d the deadly fire that sears  
 The heart, and goads it to decay ;  
 As mists are melted into rain  
 And lost, earth’s bosom scattered o’er,  
 So, sighs that rend the heart with pain,  
 Melt into tears, and are no more.

‘ Light is the grief that thus can pour  
 Itself from the o’erflowing eyes,  
 To that which racks the bosom’s core,  
 And may not vent its agonies :  
 Often, alas ! ’tis mine to mourn  
 Without a hope to which to fly ;  
 By torture’s tooth my heart is torn,  
 And yet each burning lid is dry !’ pp. 72, 3.

The ‘ Poetical Illustrations of Passages of Scripture’ possess a very high degree of merit. Indeed, we have not lately met with a volume of sacred poetry that has so much gratified us. In our last Number, we had occasion to remark on the singular want of success which has attended the numerous attempts, some of them by our best poets, to give a metrical form to the translation of the Psalms ; notwithstanding which, we maintained the practicability of preserving inviolate, the simplicity of expression and sacred dignity characteristic of the original, in a lyrical version. Had the present volume then been in our hands, we need not, we think, have gone any further for an illustration of our remarks, but might have referred to the following version of the CIII<sup>d</sup> Psalm, as a happy specimen—we were going to say, an almost perfect specimen, from its very simplicity—of what such poems should be. It is not, indeed, complete, because several of the verses of the Psalm are passed over ; but, in point of closeness, without servility, propriety of diction, and spirit, it leaves little to wish for.

‘ PSALM CIII.

‘ O Bless the Lord, my soul ! O bless the Lord !  
 Let all that is within me bless his name !  
 Bless him, my soul ; forget not to record  
 His mercies who sustains thy feeble frame :  
 Who thy diseases heals,  
 Who for thy frailty feels,  
 And crowns thy life with good—O bless his holy name !

‘ Jehovah is a God of MERCY still ;  
 No long-retained anger will he hide ;  
 Nor does his hand the unerring measure fill  
 Of wrath for us ; nor will he always chide :

Behold, where o'er thy head  
The lofty heavens are spread—  
Thus far beyond thy thought his mercy reaches wide.

' And as the east diverges from the west,  
So far the memory of our sins he casts;  
Like a kind father, in whose pitying breast  
Love for his suffering children always lasts;  
Remembering what we are,  
And that the flower most fair,  
Emblem of mortal life, droops at the passing blasts.

' Thus ever, evermore, thy mercy, Lord,  
On those who fear thee doth delight to rest;  
And children's children round the world record  
How they that keep thy sacred laws are blest.  
Thou hast prepar'd thy throne,  
And from the heavens look'st down,  
And waiting angels stand to know thy high behest.

' O bless the Lord, ye seraphs! that fulfil  
His least commandment, hearkening to his word!  
O bless the Lord, bright agents of his will,  
Whose souls harmonious move in sweet accord!  
Creatures of earth or air,  
Your Maker's praise declare!  
O more than all, my soul, bless thou the Holy Lord!'

The subject of Jonah is beautifully treated, and were not the stanza defective in rhyme, the execution of the poem would be equal to the conception of it.

#### ' JONAH.

' " Go thou to Nineveh,  
Thou prophet of the Lord most high!  
'The voice of her iniquities  
Hath pierc'd the lofty sky:—  
Tell her, ere forty days be o'er,  
Proud Nineveh shall be no more."

' Reluctant he departs.  
Did his heart bleed in pity? No!—  
Because our God is slow to wrath,  
The prophet's steps were slow;  
Because he knew repentance, prayer,  
Might stay the hand of vengeance there.

' And it was so: in dust,  
Humbled, the guilty people knelt;  
Leaving the gorgeous palaces,  
Where late in pomp they dwelt,  
Kings, princes, mourn'd the deep offence,  
And gave themselves to penitence.



' Now that his powerful voice,  
Heaven-taught, had reach'd the sinner's heart,  
Did not the prophet's soul rejoice,  
And, blessing Heaven, depart?  
Did not he join the hope, the prayer—  
" Who knows if yet our God may spare?"

' No: *his* was not the soul  
Of him, who, pleading in the dust  
For long ungrateful Israel,  
Yet own'd the sentence just.  
Heaven's gracious thoughts his anger move,  
And Jonah weeps that " God is Love."

' Sullen, he goes to seek  
A shelter from the noontide heat ;  
When up there sprang above his head  
A shade, so cooling, sweet,—  
" Jonah was *glad*," the record says :  
We hear not of the Giver's praise.

' Short was his joy : the plant,  
In one brief night, a worm devour'd ;  
The prophet saw it droop and pine,  
And, angry, miss'd his gourd.  
Yet gentle still those accents fell—  
" In this thine anger dost thou well?"

' " Yes, I do well, e'en thus,  
Thus, angry, unto death to pine."  
" Then thou hast pity for the gourd,  
Which cost no toil of thine ;  
Which in a night has flourished,  
And in a night, thou seest, is dead :—

' " And shall no pity rise  
For thousand and ten thousand souls,  
Whom, in the depth of ignorance,  
No sense of right controls ?  
And must not God that city spare,  
Nor babes, nor cattle shelter'd there?"

' There be, e'en now, who wield  
Heaven's thunders o'er their brother's head ;  
Not, Jonah-like, commission'd high,  
The tale of wrath to spread :  
O let them, warn'd by him, beware,  
Nor curse whom God, perhaps, may spare.

' And let their guarded souls  
Be to themselves severely true ;  
Sorrowing, pronounce condemning words,  
And let those words be few ;  
Their chiefest joy the joy of heaven,  
O'er love display'd, and sin forgiven.'

Our readers will perceive that we think very highly of the contents of this unpretending volume, as characterized by a considerable degree of originality, and a remarkably correct taste. We can readily believe that its 'humble leaves have 'cost' the Writer

' more

Than they would dream of, in whose hands the pen  
Hath never trembled, as they felt the power  
Of sacred truths, set forth by holiest men,  
And fear'd to mix with such celestial things,  
Their own frail thoughts and vain imaginings.'

The poetical merit of the volume will not, however, in the estimation of many of our readers, form its strongest recommendation. The truly devotional spirit which it breathes in language that cannot be mistaken, renders it unnecessary that we should add a word to ensure its extensive circulation. We even hesitate as to taking another specimen from so small a volume; but the following poem has pleased us so much that we shall venture to transcribe it.

#### ' TRUST IN GOD.

' When summer suns their radiance fling  
O'er every bright and beauteous thing;  
When, strong in faith, the evil day  
Of pain and grief seems far away;  
When sorrow, soon as felt, is gone,  
And smooth the stream of life glides on;  
When Duty, cheerful, chosen, free,  
Brings her own prompt reward to thee;—  
'Tis easy, then, my soul, to raise  
The grateful song of heavenly praise.

' But, worn and languid, day and night,  
To see the same unchanging sight,  
To feel the rising morn can bring  
Nor health nor ease upon its wing,  
Nor form of beauty can create,  
The languid sense to renovate;  
To look within, and feel the mind  
Full charg'd with blessings for mankind;  
Then, gazing round this little room,  
To whisper, " *This* must be thy doom;  
Here must thou struggle; here, alone,  
Repress tir'd nature's rising moan:"  
O then, my soul, how hard to raise,  
In such an hour, the song of praise!

' To look on all this scene of tears,  
Of doubts, of wishes, hopes, and fears,

As some preluding strain that tries  
Our discords and our harmonies ;  
To think how many a jarring string  
The Master-hand in tune may bring ;  
How, " finely-touch'd," the soul of pride  
May sink, subdued and rectified ;  
How, taught its inmost self to know,  
May bless the hand which gave the blow ;  
Each root of bitterness remov'd,  
Each plant of heavenly growth improv'd :  
Instructed thus, who would not raise  
To Heaven his song of cheerful praise ?

' To feel declining, day by day,  
Each harsher murmur die away,  
And secret springs of joy arise  
To lighten up the weary eyes ;  
A hand invisible to feel  
Wounding, with kind design to heal ;  
In every bitter draught, to think  
Of Him who learn'd that cup to drink ;  
Again and oft again to look  
In rapture on that blessed book  
Whose soothing words proclaim to thee,  
' That, " as thy day, thy strength shall be ;"  
Then, with chang'd heart and stedfast mind,  
High heaven before and earth behind,  
Thy path of pain again to tread,  
Till earth receives thy wearied head—  
O blessed lot ! who would not raise,  
In life or death, the song of praise ?'

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Art. IX. *The Final State of the Heathen* ; an Essay read at the Annual Meeting of Ministers educated in Hoxton Academy, June 29, 1825 ; and published at their Request. By John Burder, M.A. 8vo. pp. 36. Price 1s.

**T**HIS is a very able and judicious essay on a subject of considerable difficulty. That difficulty arises, in part, from the overwhelming nature of the fact, from which the mind of every thoughtful and benevolent person would gladly make its escape ; that hundreds of millions are living and dying, and thousands of millions have lived and died, in the deplorable and hopeless condition of heathen darkness. No view that can be taken of this appalling and momentous fact can be altogether satisfactory, inasmuch as it connects itself with that fathomless subject, the Origin of Evil. But still, to those who regard the Holy Scriptures as a perfect and sufficient Rule



of Faith, it must be a most interesting inquiry, what is the precise information which they supply on this point; and this being ascertained, the vague, indefinite speculations in which it is natural to indulge, will at least be made to give way before the conviction—and here, at least, there is ground for satisfaction—that the Judge of the whole earth will “do right.”

The difficulties of the subject are by no means nor in any sense created by Revelation. They belong equally to what is called Natural Theology. The existence of heathenism is as much a stumbling-block to reason, as the final disposal of its victims. Whatever hypothesis may be adopted as an expedient for reconciling the reason to such a state of things, it must found itself on the revealed character of the Divine Being; for, in the absence of Revelation, no proof could be obtained, that the existence and perfections of God afford any security against the final ascendancy of evil, and the perpetuity of the misery it inflicts. But the *existing* fact is, in the eye of reason, apparently at variance with the perfection of the Divine Government; and how can the speculative inquirer hope to determine, therefore, apart from Revelation, what may, or may not, be consistent with the Divine perfections in the future world? Surely, the punishment of wickedness is less mysterious than the permission of its origin.

The objection brought against Christianity, that the light of Revelation is not universal, has been ably refuted by Bishop Butler, who shews that the objection calls in question, not so much Revelation, as the moral government of God. A lurking atheistic scepticism on this point, however, is the true source of much of the doubt and perplexity relating to the subject in question. The vast numerical amount of the heathen population, is another consideration which seems to enhance the difficulties of the subject; although, in point of fact, they are not susceptible of being numerically multiplied,—of being diminished or augmented by comparison. The imagination may impose upon the reason, by leading us to suppose that an object has contracted its dimensions, when it has only been thrown into more distant perspective, and placed in comparison with other objects. But, in this way, the final destruction of a whole world might be made to seem a comparatively small matter, taken in connexion with the existence of a countless number of happy worlds. And it is evident, that, unless *all* of the human race might justly have been left to perish, it is not conceivable that *any* can perish. The heathen are precisely in that state in which all the human race might and would have been but for the Mediatorial intervention. The comparative numbers of those who are still in this state, although a most

affecting consideration, and one which ought to stimulate to the most fervent supplications and zealous exertions, forms then no part of the real difficulty.

The first question that seems to arise, is: Are the heathens accountable agents, knowing right from wrong? If so, to what extent does this knowledge and accountability reach; and what are their actual conduct and condition as measured by that knowledge? Upon these points, Scripture is not silent. It is explicitly declared, that they have such means of becoming acquainted with God and with duty, as leave them wholly "without excuse" for their idolatry and immorality; and 'two distinct penalties,' Mr. Burder remarks, 'are specified, as connected, in the just government of God, with the perpetration of such wickedness.'

'The first of these is abandonment by God.

'This punishment, the most severe which the righteous Judge ever inflicts during man's state of probation, is the penalty affixed to the crime of aversion to God. "Because they did not like to retain God in their knowledge, God gave them up to an undiscerning mind," which fails to distinguish between truth and error, virtue and vice, in cases the most easy of discrimination. The representation here given of this punishment, throws much light both on the origin and character of idolatry, and on the cause of the extreme wickedness which prevails among idolaters. We learn that a fondness for idols is not to be traced up to the mere wandering of the intellect, as some would consider it, but that it has its root in dislike of God. The greatness of the offence may be judged of from the nature of the punishment; "Because they did not like to retain God in their knowledge, God gave them up." At the same time, we cannot fail to observe the justice of this procedure. It is not till men have said to God, "Depart from us!" that he thus abandons them; in doing which, he merely fulfils their own desires.

'The passage before us also assigns a cause for the extreme immorality of the Heathen: they have been, to a considerable degree, abandoned by God. He does not blind the mind, or harden the heart; there is no need of his so doing; nor would such a supposition be consonant with those views of his justice, holiness, and goodness, which the Scriptures exhibit. He withholds his restraining influence; the result of which is, that man, thus left to himself, becomes a monster of iniquity, and consequently miserable. Such is the penalty which the Supreme Ruler inflicts, in the present world, on those who wilfully turn their backs upon him. He punishes them by not preventing their becoming most depraved; a punishment which, though indirect, is at the same time peculiarly awful. It will be well for us to associate this thought with our contemplation of the horrid vices of the Heathen. That God has, in a remarkable manner, abandoned the perpetrators of such deeds to themselves, is fully apparent from matter of fact; but the text under consideration assigns

the cause of his so doing. It is intended to be a mark of his displeasure against the primary vice of heathenism—aversion to God. I presume that we are fulfilling the design of the Almighty in this branch of his administration, when we so regard it.

‘Another punishment denounced against Heathen transgressors is death.

‘In this stage of the argument, it will be well to remark that persons who live and die under the power of unholy habits, like these, are obviously unfit for the heaven which the Scriptures reveal. The destined inhabitants of that region are previously “made meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light.” In the case of conversion taking place immediately before death, this preparedness for heaven is doubtless produced at once. “Without holiness,” however, “no man shall see the Lord;” and unless a change from sin to holiness occur before death, we are not authorized to expect that it will take place afterwards. The case of deceased infants is different. Though they may have no actual holiness of character, and though they possess a nature which, if opportunity offers, will show itself to be prone to evil, they have as yet no habits of vice, and therefore no positive unfitness for heaven.

‘But a very important consideration relative to the future state of heathen sinners, remains to be noticed,—the measure of suffering, namely, which they shall be sentenced to undergo. Perhaps the variety in point of degree, of which both the happiness of heaven and the misery of hell are susceptible, especially the latter, is not sufficiently regarded.’

The declaration of our Lord (Matt. x. 15), is, on this point, explicit and decisive. It reveals enough to satisfy the mind, that the decisions of the final day will be in the strictest harmony with the requirements of justice and the dictates of conscience; and then drops the veil to repel an impious curiosity from prying further.

The present condition of the Heathen, then, is not merely ‘guilty before God,’ but ‘without God,’ judicially abandoned by his Spirit, as the punishment of their transgressing the law inscribed on the conscience,—seems to leave them absolutely ‘without hope.’ Their future punishment cannot be inconsistent either with the justice or with the benevolence of God, if their actual condition be not, since that must be viewed as the effect, in part, of his holy displeasure.

‘From the general benevolence of God,’ remarks Mr. Burder, ‘as manifested in the present condition of the human race, all that can be gathered, in reference to the question before us, is, that God is disposed to communicate happiness; that this is the natural course of his procedure towards his creatures; and that he will make them happy, unless something occur which constitutes a special reason for his acting otherwise. But this inference, which is the utmost that can be drawn from the book of nature, does not meet the case; for it has



already appeared, that *something has occurred* which may induce him to withhold from his creatures that happiness which otherwise he would have imparted. Mankind, in every country and in every age, are transgressors of God's righteous law; and therefore, if favour be shown to these persons, it must come in the way of mercy." p. 24.

Mercy has interposed on behalf of the Heathen, and 'the Gospel wears a most benignant aspect on man *as man*.' We are glad to find the Writer of this Essay maintaining this Scriptural view of the Christian dispensation, as related to the human race at large. And when we speak of the benignant aspect of the Gospel in regard to the Heathen, let us not forget that our own ancestors and the progenitors of all the nations of Christendom, were involved in the guilt and condemnation of that awful apostacy. It is not a matter for inquiry, therefore, which leaves any room for question or hypothesis, what is the design or merciful intention of God with respect to the Heathen world. It cannot be a question, whether *He* wills that the Hindoos, the Chinese, and the other heathen nations should be saved, since the Gospel has brought salvation to Greeks and Celts, Franks and Saxons, who were sunk as low in impiety and crime. But as to any other way of being saved, than that of coming to the knowledge of the truth, Scripture is silent, and all analogy is against the supposition. Not that the Heathen will be punished for *not* believing the Gospel which they have never heard; but the truth concerning God is the only conceivable means and instrument of recovering mankind from the state of apostacy.

Towards the conclusion of the Essay, Mr. Burder proceeds to inquire, 'whether there may not be ground for hoping that individuals among them may escape the general ruin;' and after adverting to the subject of Infant Salvation, he judiciously remarks:

'One of the circumstances which affect the duration of the period of non-accountability, is the measure of moral advantage which the child possesses. Is it not reasonable to conclude, that a Heathen child may remain, morally considered, in an infant state some years beyond the term at which that period of life ends in a Christian country? And may we not hence indulge the hope that millions of Heathen youth, as well as children, will be saved?'

Again: the line of demarcation between competent intellect and imbecillity, is not always easily to be traced; and the Writer suggests, that many have lived and died in the midst of the grossest Paganism, who, with regard to responsibility, may be in the same moral predicament as that in which the infant and the idiot stand. He adds:

‘ So far, indeed, as these persons may be considered in a state of perdition on account of their descent from the first man, their condition is unaffected by the scanty measure of their intellectual capacity; but I most entirely coincide with those writers who believe that the penalty of *eternal* death is not inflicted upon any persons irrespective of personal and actual transgression.’

Very cautiously and guardedly Mr. Burder proceeds to intimate his opinion respecting a third class of exceptions.

‘ Doubtless many pious persons who lived under the Patriarchal and Judaic economies of religion, had only confused expectations of the promised Messiah; yet they were saved through him.

‘ It is the disposition of the heart which God regards, more than mere accuracy of knowledge. The stress which is laid on correctness of sentiment and soundness of creed, is occasioned by the connection these have with love and holiness. Now, if you can suppose a man living among Heathens to be possessed of those emotions towards God and goodness, which are acceptable in his sight; if you can suppose such a person to be a true worshipper of God, in the habit of giving thanks for benefits received, and of praying with humble mind for the pardon of his sins, I would not venture to say that that man shall not have a part in the mediation of Christ, even though he were ignorant of the medium through which mercy comes to the guilty. A character like this cannot be formed without supernatural aid; and the gift of the Spirit is attendant on the truth of God as published in the gospel; yet I presume that we are not warranted to affirm, that God *never* chooses to communicate spiritual knowledge without employing the ordinary instruments of instruction. I would rather content myself with believing that this is not the usual method of his procedure.’

Too much caution cannot, indeed, be exercised in both forming and wording our sentiments on such a topic as this. The eighteenth of the Thirty-nine Articles very strongly condemns as an accursed heresy, the doctrine that ‘ every man ‘ shall be saved by the law or sect which he professeth, so that ‘ he be diligent to frame his life according to that law and the ‘ light of nature.’ And that doctrine, as generally held by its advocates, is a pestilent one. Yet, no truth is more certain than this; that he who loves God, must be the object of his love. Now, something very much like the fear of God is exhibited in the lives of some distinguished heathen; and whether any of them did actually receive such Divine communications as made them the possessors of true piety, must be left, as Mr. Burder justly observes, to the Great Searcher of hearts. To maintain the negative, would be alike rash and presumptuous. To doubt of their salvation in the supposed case, would be impious. That they would be saved on the ground of mere justice, or be justified by their works, is, indeed, not suppo-

sable, because 'all have sinned;' but, that the righteousness of God may hereafter be made glorious in the remission of the sins of many who never heard of the Saviour's name, nothing forbids us to believe; and, if so, surely those individuals will hereafter be found among the most fervent and humble adorers of the Lamb that was slain.

The possibility of such exceptions, however, though a soothing reflection, leaves the general fact as it stood; and the inevitable conclusion is, that the Gospel is the only known and appointed remedy for that complication of guilt and misery consequent on apostasy from the true God, that awful state of depravation and abandonment, in which the heathen are involved. With whom, then, does it rest, to make that remedy known to 'every creature?'

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Art. X. *Christian Devotedness*, or the Consideration of our Saviour's Precept—"Lay not up for Yourselves Treasures upon Earth." 8vo. pp. 56. London, 1826.

WHEN our Lord was exposing the hypocrisy of the Pharisees, he charged them, among other things, with making void the Divine commandments by their glosses and traditions; adducing as a flagrant instance of this, the manner in which they taught persons to evade the obligation of the fifth commandment. "But ye say, whosoever shall say to his father or mother, It is *korban*, consecrated, by whatsoever thou mightest be profited by me, and honour not his father or his mother (he shall be free)." 'Their tradition was,' says Matthew Henry, 'that a man could not in any case bestow his worldly estate better than to give it to the priests, and devote it to the service of the temple; and that when any thing was so devoted, it was not only unlawful to alienate it, but all other obligations, though never so just and sacred, were thereby superseded, and a man was thereby discharged from them.' On this passage in St. Matthew's Gospel, D. A. Clarke has the following note. 'This conduct was similar to the custom of certain persons who bequeathed the inheritance of their children to religious uses; either through terror of conscience, thus striving to purchase the kingdom of glory, or through the persuasions of interested hireling priests. It was in this way that, in the days of popish influence, the principal lands in the nation had fallen into the hands of the priests. It is *sacrilege* to dedicate that to God, which is taken away from the necessities of our parents and children; and the good that this pretends to, will, doubtless, be found in the catalogue of that unnatural man's crimes in the judgment of the great day, who has thus



'deprived his own family of its due. To assist our poor relatives is our first duty ; and this is a work infinitely preferable to all pious legacies and endowments.'

We have no knowledge or suspicion of the Writer of this pamphlet ; we believe him, however, to be neither a Pharisee nor a Jesuit. We have no hesitation in giving him entire credit for the uprightness of his motives and the sincerity of his zeal. But we question whether, in either the Rabbinical writings or those of Popish divines, there can be found, within the same compass, so much direct and mischievous perversion of the language of Scripture. The object of the pamphlet is, in effect, to advocate the duty of making *korban* of all that we possess, and leaving our unprovided relatives to the providence of God. That which our Lord condemns as a palpable transgression of the Divine command and the most sacred and primary obligations, this Writer represents to be the strongest evidence of the power of Christian love ; and one of the most touching displays of filial piety ever exhibited, the dying charge of our Blessed Lord to the beloved disciple respecting his Mother, is adduced as an example sanctioning the most heartless and presumptuous abandonment of those whom God has rendered dependent upon us for protection or support.

We shall let the Author state in his own words, his notion of 'the principle to which primitive Christianity owed much of its irresistible energy.'

'This principle he believes to be, Unreserved Dedication to God, *excluding all provision for the future*, and securing the surrender of all we possess, and of all we can by diligence in our several vocations procure, for the extension of Christ's kingdom upon earth.' p. 2.

That unreserved self-dedication to God is the vital principle of primitive Christianity, that it is essential to the character of every sincere Christian, far be it from us to deny. But to affirm that this principle excludes all provision for the future, and the alienation of all we possess for religious uses, is begging the question. It is not, however, the Author's principle, that we so strongly object to. Although we think that he has very inaccurately stated the duty of Christian devotedness, we should have been disposed to put a good sense upon his unguarded expressions, and to understand him as simply contending for the very obvious and undeniable duty of cultivating the dispositions of spiritual-mindedness, trust in God, diligence in our calling, and a zealous liberality. But when he comes to enforce his principle, it is but too evident, that he wishes his words to be taken literally, and without qualification ; and the arguments which he attempts to deduce from the lan-

gnage of Scripture, leave us no room to doubt, that he regards all provision for the future as sinful.

The Author takes for his text or motto, Our Saviour's exhortation: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth." And he calls upon his readers to admit, that our Lord *'meant'* them, and that the Apostles and their companions *'received'* them, in their most unrestricted sense.\* It is always a suspicious circumstance, when a person quotes Scripture by halves.\* What our Lord's design and meaning were, the sequel clearly shews. "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal; for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." In these words, the uncertainty of worldly treasures and possessions, and the surpassing nature of the durable riches and righteousness, are plainly adduced as a reason for setting the affections upon things above. It is incumbent on those who contend for a more literal sense, to shew, what is meant by laying up treasures in heaven. Both parts must be taken in the most positive and unrestricted sense, or neither. Our Writer would not contend, we presume, for the meritorious efficacy of alms-giving. But, waiving this, what is there in this passage that looks like requiring the surrender of all we possess and of all that we can procure, to Missionary Societies, and forbidding all provision for the future? It is true that, in what the Writer cites as the parallel passage, there occur the words, "Sell that ye have, and give alms: provide yourselves bags that wax not old." But these, one would think, it would be still less possible to understand otherwise than in a comparative sense. We know not whether the Writer has yet sold all his furniture,—all that moth can corrupt or robber steal; but if not, we suppose that even he would judge it needful to put some limitation on the import of the requisition. He must recollect, however, that to comply with the injunction literally, the proceeds of such sale must be given in *alms*, not in Missionary collections. There is not a word here about surrendering all we possess for the extension of Christ's kingdom; but the poor are to be the objects of the sacrifice. Our Lord's words to the young man, Luke xviii. 22, are; "Sell all that thou hast, and distribute to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven." It is very strange, that the duty

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\* The Writer subsequently cites the whole passage, Matt. vi. 19—24; but it is for the purpose of giving a brief and meagre gloss of what he deems 'the principal points to be attended to.'

of alms-giving should scarcely be adverted to throughout this pamphlet. The Writer is as little disposed to take the language of Scripture literally in this respect, as any other person can be. Yet, as he contends for the duty of leaving unprovided relatives to the care of God's providence, it was peculiarly incumbent upon him to point out the strong language in which the inspired Writers insist upon *this* branch of Christian devotedness. Let us not be misunderstood as if we would sanction the Judas-like plea for withholding that which is due to the honour and extension of the Redeemer's cause: "Why might not this have been given to the poor?" It must not be forgotten, however, that it was one trait in the character of that execrable hypocrite, that he "cared not for the poor." For "whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, *how dwelleth the love of God in him?*" We much fear, that, among those who largely contribute to Missionary societies and other religious objects, too many might be found, to whom this pointed appeal would convey a forcible reproof. The poor are little the better for their zeal or liberality. On this point, the Writer is *silent*. The temporal distress of his fellow-creatures is apparently an object too insignificant or too earthly to occupy the attention of a mind so highly spiritualized and sublimated by the fire of sacred zeal. We speak of him as a *writer*. For any thing we know to the contrary, his private life may exhibit the most amiable inconsistency with his doctrine. He may be as ready to strip himself of his shirt to clothe the naked, as to put his watch into the plate at a Missionary collection. But nothing of this appears in his pamphlet, the general tenor of which would sanction a heartless pharisaism that would even devour widows' houses, to make *korban* of the orphan's portion.

We say, that our Lord's language cannot be understood literally, without renouncing the plainest dictates of common sense. Without 'laying up,' there could not merely be no accumulation of wealth, but no accumulation of capital; consequently, no fund for labour, no mercantile enterprise, no commerce or trade. Can it be supposed that our Lord intended to prohibit his disciples, in every age and country, to refrain from all such engagements,—to follow no trade or calling that should require a mercantile capital? Are Christians forbidden to be merchants, land-owners, or manufacturers? If not, 'all provision for the future' is not prohibited; for all such persons *must* lay up treasure on earth, and run risk of losing it too, and provide against contingencies, as they would wish to avoid ruining themselves and all connected with them. The



'children of this world' are 'wise' in 'this respect: their folly consists in laying up treasure on earth, and 'trusting' in that uncertain treasure, while they are 'not rich towards God.' 'They who will be rich, fall into temptation and a snare;' of which the present times have furnished too many awful examples; but St. Paul must have understood his master's doctrine very differently from the present Expositor, when he directed Timothy to charge the rich of his flock, 'not to trust in uncertain riches,' but 'to do good' with them,—to be 'rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate;' reminding them that God is the dispenser of riches, and that they are among the things which he alone can give us to enjoy. (1 Tim. vi. 17, 18.)

But we must briefly notice the other passages cited by this Writer in support of his notions of Christian Devotedness. Towards the close of the pamphlet, he thus recapitulates his reasons for concluding that our Saviour 'spoke *literal* truth,' when he used the expression, 'Sell all that thou hast.'

- '1. Because he commanded the young man so to do.
- '2. Because he commended the poor widow for so doing.
- '3. Because the Apostles, and all who believed at Jerusalem, did so, by selling their goods, houses, and lands.
- '4. Because no other Dedication to God, but that literally enjoined, meets the urgent, unspeakable wants of the Heathen.
- '5. Because, without this Dedication, it is impossible to receive the command,—“Love thy neighbour as thyself.”
- '6. Because, while it keeps all, who see its reasonableness, and heartily yield to all its requisitions, in the most entire dependence upon God, it in a great degree frees them from all dependence upon man.
- '7. Because, while it obviously tends to the general extension of Christ's kingdom upon earth, it does also, in an equal measure, contribute to the happiness and usefulness of the individual, by extirpating carefulness and sloth, and causing to grow in abundance the fruits of righteousness and love.'

The first of these reasons has been sufficiently considered. We shall only further remark, that it would be just as reasonable to adduce the call to Abraham to leave his country, or to sacrifice his son, as enjoining upon all Christians the duty of expatriation and of renouncing the feelings of paternal affection,—as to infer, that the test to which it pleased our Lord to put the young ruler's sincerity, implies a requisition binding upon all Christians to sell all they have, and distribute the proceeds to the poor.

The second reason may be disposed of in a very few words. 'In the world's estimation,' says the Writer, 'nothing could

' be more *improvident* or more improper than the conduct' of the widow. It is evident that he does not understand the case. There could be no *improvidence* in her parting with all she had to subsist upon for the day, any more than there would be in a poor man's going without his dinner that he might give his sixpence to the Bible Society, or for the purchase of a Bible. Had the widow whom our Lord commended gone *every day*, and cast all she had into the treasury, she must either have starved, or have begged for her subsistence, and her motive would have become very questionable. That the poor man who gives his penny, may give more than the rich man who contributes his guinea, is obviously the sentiment which our Lord designed to inculcate.

The case of the Church at Jerusalem is most rashly adduced as a precedent. The Writer is compelled to admit, that

' such conduct does not essentially involve the institution of a common stock, but will be effectually secured by each individual blending himself with the whole race of man, feeling their wants and rejoicing in their welfare, as his own.' p. 18.

But why not take this passage as a literal precedent, as well as the case of the young ruler? Were the Writer consistent with his own principles, he ought to advocate the community of goods among Christians. "As many as were possessors of lands or houses, sold them:"—how is it that this conduct is supposed to prove no more, than that 'a union of heart and soul is just as binding upon us as upon the primitive Christians?' And if it does prove nothing more, why does the Writer subsequently press it into his service as a reason that Christians ought to sell all that they have?

The fourth reason shews in what mistaken views of the whole subject of missionary exertion, the Writer's hallucination originates. Is it, then, owing to the want of more money that the Heathen are not yet evangelised? Are any of our Christian missions at a stand for want of money? Have any of our missionaries deserted their posts because they do not get money enough? Are the unspeakable wants of the Heathen to be supplied by pecuniary contributions? If the Writer does not mean this, he should have explained himself. We do not say, that more money is not required for the promotion of the great objects of our Missionary and Bible Institutions; but, to represent the evangelization of the heathen as turning upon the increase of their funds, is most fallacious and dangerous.

The fifth reason does not deserve notice: it is a mere assertion, too vague to be combated by argument. And it may at once be disposed of by the counter-assertion, that those who

neglect all provision for the future, cannot rightly discharge the obligation to their neighbours, whose interests are implicated in a proper regard for our own.

The sixth and seventh reasons are more than mere assertions: they are paradoxes. The Writer maintains, that the readiest way to be independent *on man*, is to surrender all we possess, and that to extirpate '*sloth*,' we must exclude all provision for the future. We have no time to unriddle these absurd enigmas.

The Writer, in the course of his pamphlet, makes use of additional arguments which he omits in his recapitulation. Among these, he adverts to the institution of the sabbatical year, and the command thrice in the year to go up to Jerusalem, as 'very apt illustrations' of his principle. In reference to the latter, he asks:—

'Would obedience to this precept be tempting God? Doubtless not. Yet surely, there is a much greater natural difficulty in the way of protecting the defenceless wives and families of a whole people during the absence of all the males at Jerusalem, than there is in providing subsistence sufficient for those who daily labour; for by these means the great mass of mankind are, and ever have been, provided for.'

It is well that the Writer admits, there is such a thing as tempting God, by presumptuously casting ourselves upon his Providence without a warrant. The conduct of the Israelites would have been both rash and irrational, had they not, in leaving their land, obeyed a positive command; and a similar command now, would both require and authorize the expectation of a similar miracle. The expectation of a miraculous interposition in the absence of a Divine warrant, is not faith, but folly; it is to tempt the Lord our God. The Writer notices the *third* temptation by which our Blessed Lord was tried: he passes over the *second*.

But it may occur to some of our readers to inquire, What harm can there be in holding such notions as are avowed in this pamphlet? If they are a little *ultra*, do they not run into the best extreme? In these times of worldliness, self-indulgence, and money-getting, is it not well that some persons should be found disposed to set an opposite example, though their faith may partake of credulity, their zeal of fanaticism? Does there not prevail too much carnal anxiety in Parents, to provide large fortunes for their children? Is not this made a pretence for covetousness and injustice, a cloak for that love of money which is the root of all evil? Ought we not, as good Thomas Scott says, to serve God by the day, and to trust him by the day?

To such an appeal, our reply would be this. The cause of



truth cannot be served by caricaturing and distorting the principles we wish to recommend. There are no good extremes; for the extreme opposite of error will always prove to be error, not truth. The less that true Christian devotedness abounds in the present day, the more worldly and calculating professed Christians are, the more pernicious in its tendency must be a fanaticism which renders such conduct rational in the comparison, and the greater the mischief which would result from the perilous wresting of Scripture which is exhibited in this pamphlet. 'As to laying up for children,' says this Writer,

'believing it to be contrary to the letter and spirit of the Gospel, and opposed to the *privileges* of a Christian Parent, and to the best interests of the children themselves, I have no hesitation in saying, that, on these grounds, I am persuaded it ought to be relinquished.'

Language similar to this has been employed by other writers; and when applied to the worldly anxiety which many parents exhibit to aggrandise their children, to leave them a fortune, while they discover little or no solicitude respecting their spiritual interests; or when the wish to lay by for children does not rise to ambition, but partakes of undue solicitude and distrust; the admonition is most pertinent—"Lay not up for your children treasures on earth." But this Writer reprobates all laying up for either children or dependent relatives, on the ground that poverty is good for them,—'poverty and dependence';—although one of the alleged excellencies of his 'principle' is, that 'it in a great degree frees from all dependence upon man!'

'All our misconceptions on this subject,' he says, 'seem to arise from one deeply rooted opinion, learned of Satan and the world over which he presides; that riches and comforts are better for our children than poverty and dependence. The whole tenor of the New Testament, however, pronounces the opinion to be false.' p. 29.

That poverty is a good, the New Testament no where teaches us to conclude. Like other trials and afflictions, it may be made to work together for the good of those who love God; but all experience, as well as Scripture, would lead a Christian parent to adopt the prayer of Agur on behalf of his children: "Give them neither poverty nor riches." The man who should wilfully inflict poverty upon his children, whether by his imprudence and sloth, or by his fanaticism, is worse than an infidel. God will abhor the offering which is provided by such unnatural robbery. What may be best for our children, God only knows. It is our duty to seek *first*, as regards both them and ourselves, the kingdom of God and his righteousness.

But unless St. Paul asserted what he knew to be contrary to the faith he taught, parents ought, so far as they have opportunity, to "lay up for the children." Christianity has superseded no natural, no political obligation.\*

But it is not only with regard to *children*, that the Writer's reasoning is meant to apply. The most exceptionable passage, perhaps, in the pamphlet, is contained in a note at page 49, to which we have already adverted.

'How different the spirit and conduct of our Blessed Lord! Did he fear to leave, without temporal provision, his widowed Mother to the promises and providence of God? No, he left her unprovided to an unprovided disciple; and this he did, not at a time when probabilities were greatly in favour of a comfortable competence being easily procured, but when he knew that difficulties and dangers would beset them at every step. Surely, had laying up beforehand been the duty of a child, our Saviour would have exhibited this virtue among that constellation of virtues which shone forth from his character; for he knew that we were to follow his example. Why then did he act thus, while we hesitate to follow his steps? Because he knew the truth, nature, and extent of the promises of God, which we doubt or deny. Some will say—"But this was a provision!" Yes—the very provision which God will ever make for those that trust in him,—a provision at the moment of necessity.'

Involuntarily, during our perusal of these pages, the thought has repeatedly suggested itself—this writer cannot be a parent. But when we came to this note, the feeling was—he cannot have a living mother. Who can read without indignation this heartless, this execrable misrepresentation of our Lord's example? Because He who had not where to lay his head, did not *lay up* money for his mother, therefore it is not the duty of a child to make any provision for a widowed parent, whatever be his circumstances! Such is the Writer's reasoning, in daring disregard of the express language of St. Paul: "If any widow have children or nephews, let *them* learn first to shew piety at home, and to requite their parents: for that is good and acceptable before God." (1 Tim. v. 4.) But how horrible is the perversion of this exquisitely affecting part of our Lord's conduct; to represent, not what he did, but what he did not do, not his piety, but his poverty, not his solicitude respecting his mother, but his leaving her unprovided, as that in which we are called upon to follow his steps! The fact itself is equally misrepresented. The Beloved Disciple to whose filial care our

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\* 2 Cor. xii. 14. The Writer is evidently hampered by this passage, which he in vain attempts to explain away.

Lord committed his mother, had ample means of providing for her wants from the contributions of the faithful; and the concurrent testimony of antiquity distinguishes him from the other apostles as singularly preserved from the dangers and persecutions which his brethren were called to suffer. His life was prolonged to an advanced age, and he certainly survived the object of his sacred charge; a charge which spoke at once the tenderness of the man Christ Jesus, and the prescience of the Son of God.

We can never advert to this interesting point in the evangelical history without having forcibly brought to our recollection, a striking anecdote, which we cannot resist communicating to our readers, although conscious that we run the risk of giving it imperfectly, as many years have elapsed since the circumstances occurred. A pious young man who was desirous of devoting himself to the work of the ministry among the Heathen, and had been recommended with that view to the Committee of one of our Missionary Societies, on undergoing the usual examination, stated that he had one difficulty: he had an aged mother entirely dependent upon an elder brother and himself for maintenance, and in case of that brother's death, he should wish to be at liberty to return to this country, if his mother were still living, to contribute to her support. Scarcely had he made this ingenuous statement, than a harsh voice from an iron frame exclaimed: 'If you love your mother more than you love the Lord Jesus Christ, you will not do for us.' Abashed and confounded, the young man was silent; some murmurs escaped the Committee, and he was directed to retire while his proposal was taken into consideration. On his being again sent for, the venerable chairman, in tones of unaffected kindness and with a patriarchal benignity of mien, acquainted him that the Committee did not feel themselves authorized to accept of his services on a condition involving uncertainty as to the term, but immediately added—'We think none the worse of you, for your dutiful regard for your aged parent. You are but acting in conformity to the example of Him whose Gospel you wished to proclaim among the Heathen; who, as he hung upon the Cross in dying agonies, beholding his mother and the beloved disciple standing by, said to the one, "Woman, behold thy son!" and to John, "Behold thy mother!" We think none the worse of you.'



Art. XI *Narrative of the Burmese War*, detailing the Operations of Major General Sir Archibald Campbell's Army, from its Landing at Rangoon in May, 1824, to the Conclusion of a Treaty of Peace at Yandaboo in February, 1826. By Major Snodgrass, Military Secretary to the Commander of the Expedition, and Assistant Political Agent in Ava. 8vo. pp. 320 (Map). Price 12s. London. 1827.

**T**HAT the Burmese war originated in unprovoked aggression on the part of those haughty barbarians whom it is to be hoped that we have now succeeded, though at an immense cost, in humbling, is a fact quite undeniable. Possibly, it was as inevitable as, in its origin, it may be considered as justifiable. But one thing is quite clear from the present Narrative, that it was undertaken in lamentable and disgraceful ignorance of the strength of the enemy and the nature of the country. The army landed at Rangoon unprovided with the necessary equipment for advancing either by land or by water.

‘Indeed, it was anticipated, that the capture of Rangoon alone, or at least with that of the enemy’s other maritime possessions, would induce the King of Ava to make overtures for peace, and accede to the moderate demands of the Indian Government; or, at all events, that the country would afford sufficient water-transport to enable a considerable corps to proceed up the Irrawaddy towards the capital, when little doubt was entertained of a speedy submission to the terms required. Nor were the reasons upon which these expectations of aid and assistance from the natives were founded without some weight. It was urged, that they were not Burmese, but Peguers, and a conquered people, being under the tyrannical sway of a government with which they had for centuries, and often successfully, waged war; deprived of their court, and governed by despotic and mercenary chiefs whom they obeyed from fear alone; they were represented as discontented with their present situation, and ever longing for their former independence; and finally, that they would be easily induced to join the invading force, and to aid it, by every means in their power, in humbling the tyrant under whose arbitrary rule they had so long suffered every species of degradation. But, in these calculations, the well-consolidated power and judicious policy of the government towards its conquered provinces were overlooked, and the warlike and haughty character of the nation was so imperfectly known that no correct judgement could be formed of our probable reception. With an overgrown opinion of their own prowess and military genius, fostered by frequent victories over all their neighbours, and numerous unchecked conquests during half a century, was it to be wondered at that they should consider the disembarkation of six or seven thousand men upon their coast as a hopeless business, in a country, too, where every man was by profession a soldier, liable at all times to be called upon for military service at the pleasure of the sovereign?’

The expectation of deriving resources or assistance of any kind from a nation so constituted, and living under such a form of government, could no longer be indulged. Indeed, *from the day the troops first landed*, it was obvious that we had been *deceived by erroneous accounts of the character and sentiments of the people*, and that decided hostility from both Burmese and Peguer was all we had to expect.

pp. 17—19.

All this might, we apprehend, have been previously ascertained; and it seems incredible, that hostilities should have been actually commenced in vague reliance upon unauthorized representations and conjectural reasonings which even the meagre information to be derived from the works of Symes, Cox, and Buchanan, might have shewn to be erroneous. Never was an army placed in a more discouraging and critical position, than the troops who invaded the jungles and rice-grounds of the Delta of the Irrawaddy; and the eventual triumph of the British arms has been achieved in spite of every physical obstacle arising from the climate, the nature of the country, ignorance of the people and their language, and a treacherous enemy, as well as much gross mismanagement in the commissariat department.

The military details of this obstinately protracted contest will be found extremely interesting, but we shall not attempt to give any abstract of the successive campaigns. With regard to the issue of the contest, there seems good reason to believe that it has been successful to the fullest extent that could have been contemplated.

'The cession of Arracan,' says Major Snodgrass, 'provides for the freedom from Burmese interference with our Indian territories on that side. Our troublesome neighbours are now confined within their ancient boundaries by the lofty Anoupectoumiew; and the king is not ignorant that, should he again offend, we can march a force across these mountains, and appear on the Irrawaddy, from our post at Aing, in eight or ten days, and probably reach his capital within a month. Besides, he is aware that the feeling and character of his subjects have undergone a total change: for, without asserting that they either respect or love us, we may at least insist that they assuredly fear us; and whatever may have been, or still may be, their opinion of themselves, they are well satisfied from sad experience, that they would have little chance with such a force as the Indian Government can send into the field. The King of Ava can, under such circumstances, have neither interest nor motive in troubling us again.'

Notwithstanding that repeated attempts had been made to establish an amicable intercourse with the Burmese, it is not above six years since European goods were first introduced, in

any quantity, into Ava or Pegu. The demand for them has annually increased threefold, and no country in the East seems to promise a more advantageous inlet to our trade. There is scarcely an article of dress among the natives, we are told, that is not already British, or certain to become so. Rangoon has long been a mart to the Siamese, and, but for the grievous exactions of the Burmese authorities, the Chinese would long since have opened an extensive trade with the British settlers at Rangoon.

‘ A safe market for their goods alone is wanting, to ensure a large proportion of the Canton trade being carried over land through Ava ; opening at once a wide and important inlet to the commerce of Great Britain. Even before the war, notwithstanding existing abuses and the insecurity attending mercantile transactions throughout the kingdom, silk, tea, vermillion, gold, and silver were imported in considerable quantities from China into Ava ; and with confidence once established in the Government, the general produce of the empire would pour in to any extent that might be required.’

The retention of the ceded province of Tenasserim is, in a mercantile point of view, highly important. The new settlement of Amherst town, in particular, is well situated as a mart for the Siamese, Burmese, and Chinese. It is situated on the east bank of the Saluæn river, the second of the four mighty streams which traverse the whole length of the Indo-Chinese regions, flowing through a tract of country wholly unexplored by Europeans. The climate at which the new settlement is situated, is said to be most excellent,—‘ greatly surpassing that of Bengal, Madras, or, perhaps, any other spot situated in so high a latitude.’ During the time that sickness prevailed at Rangoon, the European convalescents were sent round in great numbers to Mergui, where they rapidly recovered. The harbour of Mergui is good, and contains safe anchorage for vessels of considerable burthen. The whole of the ceded provinces, now thinly peopled, will soon become populous from the crowds of emigrants fleeing from an oppressive government, whose industry, encouraged by security of property, will soon convert them into ‘ one of the finest countries in the world.’

The present Volume does not add very materially to our knowledge of the country or of its inhabitants. For this the Major apologizes, conscious that ‘ the hurried notes of a soldier, taken while employed on active service in the field, would not afford sufficient *data* for such an undertaking.’ His representation of the Burmese character is, upon the whole, very favourable, and completely in accordance, in every important respect, with the testimony of Mrs. Judson.



‘Unshackled by the caste of the Hindoo, or the creed of the intolerant Mussulman, but free from religious prejudice, and proud of himself and of the land that gave him birth, the Burmese is ready to receive any change which would tend to raise him in the scale of civilized society: so slight, indeed, is their regard for their present code of worship, that it has often been remarked, and not without strong and weighty reason, that the king of Ava could, by a simple order, change the religion of the nation without a murmur being heard.’

In war, the Burmhan is ferocious, arrogant, and cruel, seldom giving or receiving quarter; but, in his private and domestic habits and deportment, he evinces little of this character.

‘At home, the Burmese, probably owing to his military habits, is decidedly lazy and averse to his work—to his shame, allowing, or rather compelling his wife to toil hard for the support of his family, while he passes his time in idleness, smoking, or chewing betel. His wants, however, are few and simple: rice and a little pickled fish constitute the chief articles of food, while water is his only drink. Naturally good-humoured and contented, he seems happy and resigned, bearing all the oppressions to which he may be subjected, with apathy and indifference; and in his own house he is kind and affectionate to his children, seldom evincing anger or ill treatment to any member of his family. It must be allowed, however, that the Burmese are little guided or restrained in their conduct and actions by any moral principle.’

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\*\*\* Our Subscribers are requested to excuse the deficiency of a half sheet (in quantity) in the present Number, which will be supplied in the next.

## ART. XII. SELECT LITERARY INFORMATION.

In the press, a New and Revised Edition (to appear in Monthly Parts, price 6s; or, in Weekly Numbers, price 1s. each,) of Taylor's Calmet's Dictionary of the Bible. 4to.

In the press, A Poem on Idolatry: in Four Cantos. By the Rev. Wm. Swan, Missionary, Author of the Memoir of Mrs. Patterson.

A New Poem from the pen of Bernard Barton, to be entitled "The Widow's Tale," and founded on the melancholy Loss of the Five Wesleyan Missionaries, in the Mail Boat, off the Island of Antigua, will shortly be published.

A Translation of the Second Edition of Niebuhr's Roman History, is preparing for publication. This Translation will be executed in concert with the Author, who will send over the sheets of the Original as they are printed, and will contribute Corrections and Additions to the Translation. The Author states to a Friend in England, that the New Edition is not the Old Work with Additions and Improvements, but absolutely a new one, in which few pages only have been preserved.

The Life of Napoleon Buonaparte, Emperor of the French. By the Author of Waverley, &c. In 7 vols. post 8vo. is nearly ready for publication.

In the press, The History of the Rise and Progress of the United States of North America till the British Revolution in 1688. By James Grahame, Esq. In 2 vols. 8vo.

In the press, A Treatise on the Steam Engine, Historical, Practical, and Descriptive. By John Farey, Jun. Engineer. In one vol. 4to. with illustrative Plates and Cuts.

\*\*\* The great importance of the subject of this Publication is so generally known, and the want of a Practical Treatise on the Steam Engine and its various Applications, is so universally acknowledged, that any apology for its appearance is unnecessary.

Preparing for publication, A Reply to the Accusations of Piracy and Plagiarism exhibited against the Author, in the January Number of the Christian Remembrancer, in a Review of "Horne and Carpenter's Introductions to the Study of the Holy Scriptures."

This pamphlet will contain some curious information on the art and mystery of Book-making, as exemplified in the Rev. T. H. Horne's Critical Introduction to the Study of the Scriptures. By William Carpenter.

\*\*\* The Author regrets that it should be found necessary to defend himself against the disingenuous attacks of Mr. Horne, by the adoption of such a course as the one now proposed, but a regard to his moral, as well as his literary character, renders it imperative upon him to do so.

Shortly will be published, Sermons on the principal Festivals of the Christian Church. By the Rev. John Bird Sumner, M.A.

In the press, Theology; or, an attempt towards a consistent view of the whole Counsel of God. With a Preliminary Essay on the practicability and importance of this attainment. By the Rev. J. H. Hinton, A.M., Reading.

On the First of January was published, No. 1, of The Mariner's Steam Packet, to be continued Monthly. The Number for March will assume the more general title of The Sailor's Magazine and Naval Chronicle; and will be edited by the Rev. G. C. Smith.

Death on the Pale Horse, by the Rev. John Bruce, will be ready for publication on the First of March. The Author regrets that it should have been delayed by an unforeseen occurrence. The Engravings and Plate which were duly forwarded by the Edinburgh Mail, never reached the publishers, so that they have been obliged to wait the execution of a new Plate.

Speedily will be published, in 2 vols. 8vo., The Principles of Physical, Intellectual, Moral, and Religious Education. By W. Newnham, Esq., Author of "A Tribute of Sympathy," &c. &c.

Ready for publication, (dedicated by permission to the most noble the Marquis of Northampton,) Part I., of the History and Description of the Ancient and highly interesting Parish of Clerkenwell. The work will be completed in two volumes, printed in demy 8vo. and 12mo., and illustrated with about 60 Copper-plate Engravings, executed by Mess. Storer, representing its Monastic Buildings, with the Mansions of Nobility and Gentry who formerly oc-

cupied this once fashionable and courtly suburb of the Metropolis, and other objects of celebrity and importance.

In the press, *Travels from India to England, by way of the Burman Empire, Persia, Asia Minor, Turkey, &c.*; in the years 1825-6; By James Edward Alexander, Esq. H. P. late H. M. 13th Light Dragoons, and attached to the Suite of Colonel Macdonald Kinneir, K.L.S. Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of Tehran. in 1 vol. 4to.

In the press, *Shigurf Namah-I-Valaet,*

or Excellent Intelligence concerning Europe; being the *Travels of Shaikh Itesa Moodeen, Moonshee, in Great Britain and France.* Translated from the original Persian Manuscript into Hindoostanee; with an English Version and Notes. By James Edward Alexander, Esq. H.P. late H. M. 13th Light Dragoons, and Adjutant of the Body Guard of the Honourable the Governor of Fort St. George, &c. In 8vo. with a Portrait of the Moonshee.

### ART. XIII. LIST OF WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*Old English Sayings, literally expounded, in Prose and Verse.* By Jeffreys Taylor, Author of "*Parlour Commentaries,*" &c. 12mo. 4s.

#### POETRY.

*The Female Missionary Advocate; a Poem.* 1s. 6d.

*Fragments in Verse, chiefly on Religious Subjects.* By Ann Butler. 18mo. 4s. bds.

*The Golden Violet, with its Tales of Romance and Chivalry, and other Poems.* By L. E. L. Foolscap 8vo. with a frontispiece. 10s. 6d.

#### POLITICAL ECONOMY.

*Remarks on the principal Features of the Foreign and Domestic Policy of Great Britain, since the year 1793; in the course of which, are interspersed, occasional Discussions on the leading Political Topics of the day.* By the Rev. Law Moyes. 8vo. 3s. sewed.

*Colonies at Home; or the Means for rendering the industrious Labourer independent of Parish Relief, and for providing for the poor Population of Ireland by the Cultivation of the Soil.* 8vo. 1s. 6d. stitched.

#### THEOLOGY.

*On the Final State of the Heathen; an Essay, delivered at Hoxton.* By the Rev. John Burder. 8vo. 1s. 6d.

*The Bible Teacher's Manual.* By Mrs. Sherwood. Part V. 8d.

*Memoirs of Miss Higgs, Daughter of the Rev. J. Higgs, of Cheshunt.* 6d.

*The Pastor's Sketch Book; or authentic Narratives of Real Characters.* Edited by the Rev. G. Redford. 12mo. 5s.

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